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ACTION COMICS

Featuring
"The
INTERNATIONAL
DAILY PLANET!"

HOW COULD LOIS
HAVE WRITTEN THAT
SCOOP BEFORE IT
HAPPENED?



PETER PORKCHOPS

says:

"DON'T BE AFRAID TO SPEAK UP!"

THERE IT IS--OUR SNOW FORT ALL MELTED WITH THAT SALT YOU THREW ON IT! START BUILDING, WOLFIE--THIS IS ONE PRANK YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH!

BUT--BUT I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU!



YAH, YAH, YOU DIDN'T DO IT! THAT'S WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY AND THEN WE FIND YOU DID!

GOSH! WOLFIE IS INNOCENT! I SAW WHO REALLY MELTED THE FORT-- BUT THE FELLOWS MIGHT BE MAD AT ME IF I STUCK UP FOR WOLFIE!



WAIT A SECOND, FELLOWS-- MAYBE WOLFIE DIDN'T DO IT! WE HAVEN'T ANY REAL PROOF!

THAT'S A FINE ONE, PETER PORKCHOPS-- YOU DEFENDING WOLFIE! AFTER ALL HE'S DONE TO US, IT WOULD SERVE HIM RIGHT EVEN IF HE DIDN'T DO IT!



I STILL DON'T THINK IT'S RIGHT...

GOLLY! IF PETER HAS THE NERVE TO BUTT IN WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING THE TRUTH-- I OUGHTTA SPEAK UP, EVEN THOUGH I'M SORTA AFRAID OF GETTING IN BAD WITH THE FELLOWS!



I--I GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING-- I-- I SAW THE SNOW TRUCK PASSING HERE LAST NIGHT AND WHILE THEY WERE SCATTERING SALT AROUND, SOME OF IT ACCIDENTALLY LANDED ON OUR FORT...

AW, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO SPOIL THINGS-- NOW WE CAN'T GET EVEN WITH WOLFIE!



IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO GET THE TRUTH-- AND MERVIN MOUSE HAD THE COURAGE TO SPEAK UP, EVEN THOUGH HE KNEW HE WAS GOING TO BE UNPOPULAR!

YEAH...I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PETER... WELL, COME ON, LET'S GET THAT FORT BUILT!



LOOK! WE EVEN HAVE WOLFIE HELPING US NOW! THAT'S A REAL TWIST FOR YOU!



SUPERMAN

A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR REPORTERS LOIS LANE, JIMMY OLSEN AND CLARK KENT TURNS A WORLD-WIDE VENTURE INTO A GLOBAL HEADACHE FOR **SUPERMAN**. AND CLARK ALMOST LOSES HIS OWN JOB AS A RESULT OF THE JOURNALISTIC COMPLICATIONS THAT FOLLOW THE FOUNDING OF...

THE **INTERNATIONAL DAILY PLANET!**

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST--
I DON'T GET IT! YOU THREE
OPERATE **DAILY PLANET** EDITIONS
IN SEPARATE PARTS OF THE
WORLD-- YET YOU ALL COME
UP WITH THE EXACT SAME
STORY!



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ONE MORNING ATOP THE EIFFEL TOWER IN PARIS, FRANCE, REPORTER LOIS LANE RECEIVES A COPY OF...

THE PARIS EDITION OF THE **DAILY PLANET**! BUT THIS MUST BE ONLY A SAMPLE COPY, JACQUES, JUDGING BY THIS HEADLINE! AND WHY DID YOU WANT TO MEET ME HERE INSTEAD OF AT THE OFFICE?

BECAUSE THAT EES NOT SAMPLE, BUT "SCOOP" COPY, MA'M'SELLE LANE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIG UP SCOOPS, JACQUES... THAT'S MY JOB--AS EDITOR OF THE NEW PARIS EDITION! ALL YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS THE PAPER GETTING PRINTED!

PARDON-- BUT I DO NOT ALWAYS WEEESH TO BE PRINTER, SO, AH--HE COMES AT LAST!



IS THAT HOW YOU PLAN TO MAKE THIS HEADLINE COME TRUE? OF ALL THE RIDICULOUS, SILLY-- OOPS! EEEEE-- HELP! I SLIPPED!



QUEECK, GET UP HERE-- SO YOU CAN JUMP OFF! DO NOT BE AFRAID... **SUPERMAN** WEEL RESCUE YOU-- I PROMISE IT!

JUMP OFF? ARE YOU CRAZY?



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STREAKS TOWARD THE FAMED FRENCH LANDMARK...

THAT CABLE DIDN'T EXPLAIN WHY I HAD TO GET TO THE EIFFEL TOWER THIS MORNING, BUT--GREAT SCOTT! IT'S LOIS! WHAT LUCK THAT I DID GET HERE!



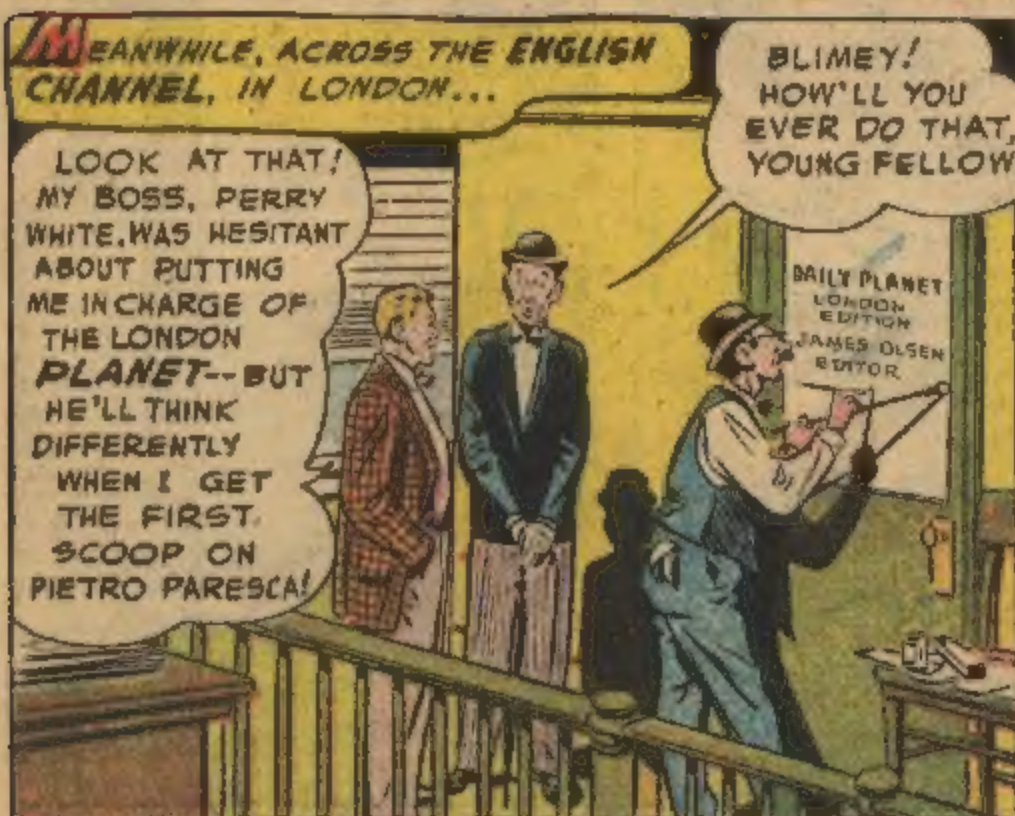
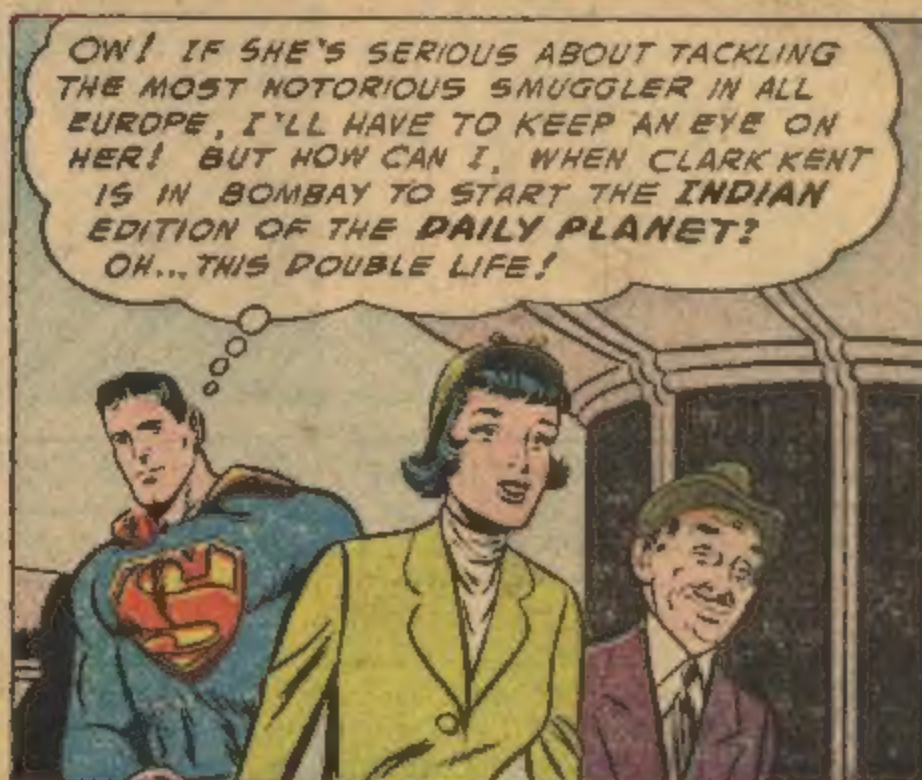
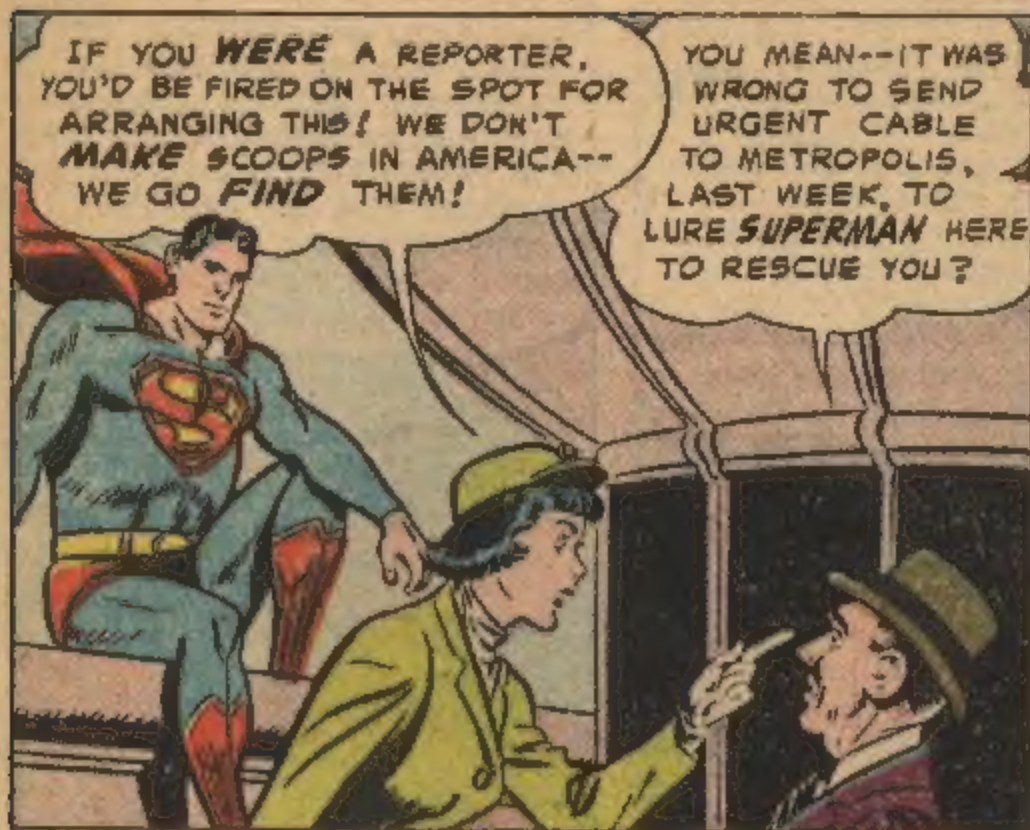
S-SUPERMAN! THANK GOODNESS! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE BACK IN THE STATES! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO PARIS?

THAT PAPER... FIRST TELL ME HOW THIS STORY GOT PRINTED BEFORE IT EVEN HAPPENED!

I THINK A CERTAIN OVER-AMBITIOUS PRINTER CAN SUPPLY THE ANSWER!

YOU SEE? DID I NOT TELL YOU I MAKE BEEG "SCOOP", JUST LIKE AMERICAN REPORTERS?





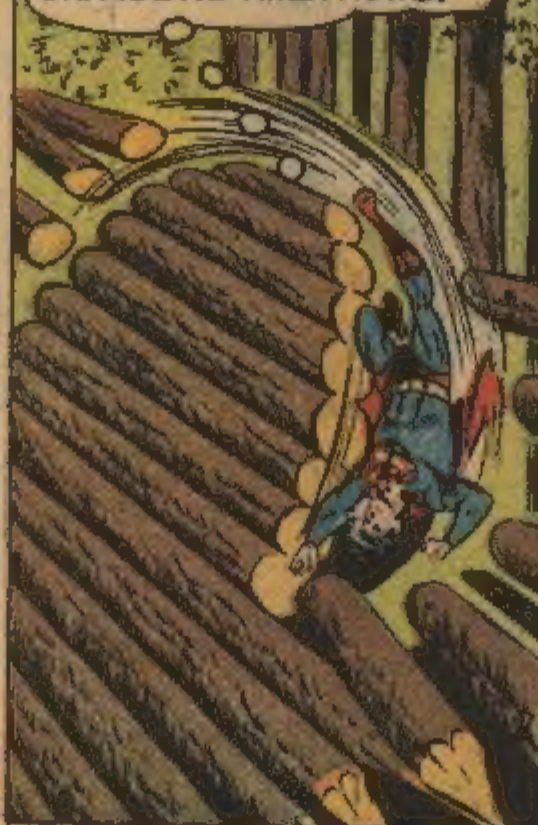
MORE SERIOUS, HOWEVER, IS SUPERMAN'S PLIGHT AS HE STREAKS TOWARD BOMBAY, INDIA...

WHY LOSE TIME PROTECTING LOIS WHEN I CAN REMOVE THE DANGER BY GOING AFTER PARESCA MYSELF? BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO GET THE BOMBAY DAILY PLANET STARTED, OR CLARK KENT WILL BE OUT OF A JOB!

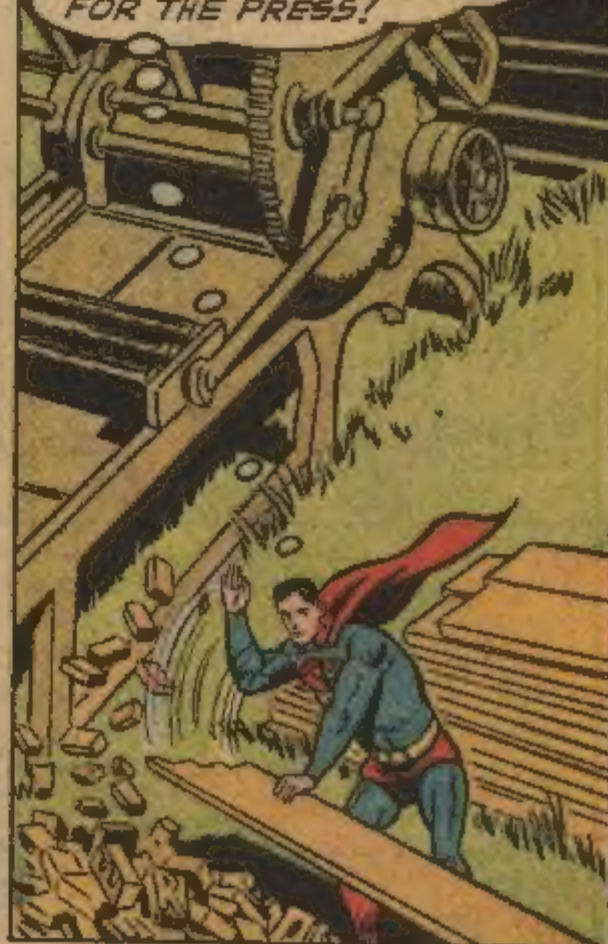


SHORTLY AFTER, IN A NEAR-BY TRACT OF FOREST...

ORDINARILY, IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR FOR **SUPERMAN** TO GET CLARK'S PAPER OUT FOR HIM-- BUT UNLESS THE BOMBAY EDITION IS STARTED FAST, I'LL HAVE NO TIME TO PROTECT THE PARIS EDITOR FROM HER OWN DAREDEVIL AMBITIONS!

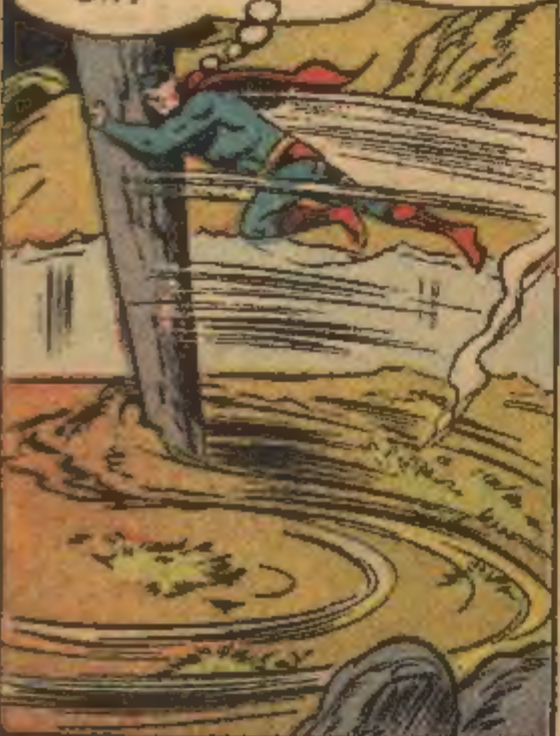


THIS PRINTING PRESS I CONSTRUCTED OUT OF BRANCHES AND TREE TRUNKS, ALONG WITH THESE SLABS OF **WOODEN TYPE** I'M CARVING OUT, WILL AT LEAST BE GOOD FOR ONE EDITION! NEXT PROBLEM IS PAPER-- AND A SOURCE OF POWER FOR THE PRESS!



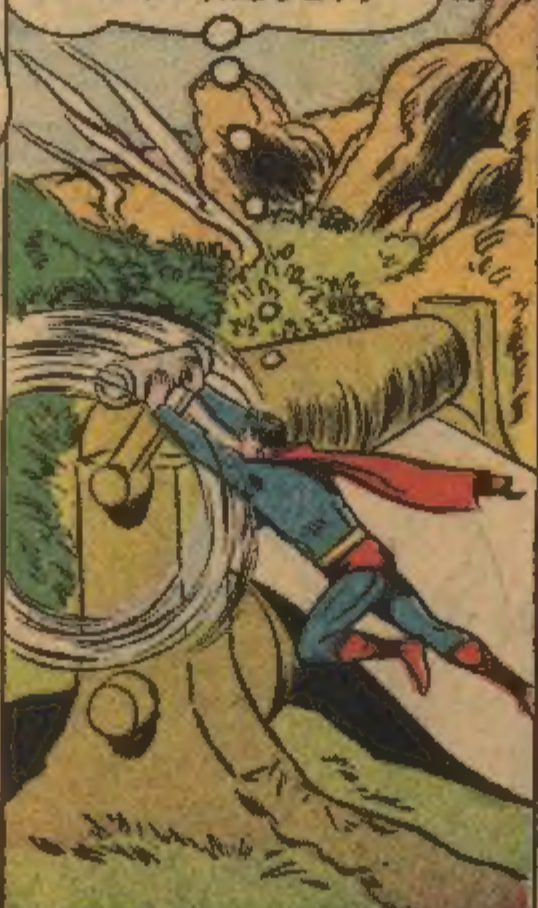
AFTER ACCUMULATING MASSES OF LEAVES IN A CAULDRON SCOUPED OUT OF ROCK...

I GOT ENOUGH BLEACH FROM THE BARK OF VARIOUS TREES TO BOIL ALL THE COLOR OUT OF THESE LEAVES! NEXT TASK IS TO CARVE OUT SOME **STONE ROLLERS**, AND I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO PRINT ON!



MOMENTS LATER...

THIS SAVES MANY HOURS OF NEGOTIATING SHOPPING FOR PAPER! WITH **ELEPHANT** POWER TO TURN THE PRESS, WE'LL BE ALL SET!



ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS TURN OVER THE NEWS DEPARTMENT TO CLARK'S INDIAN OFFICE ASSISTANT IN BOMBAY, WHILE I RUSH OFF ON THE TRAIL OF PARESCA!



SO PRESENTLY, AT THE BOMBAY OFFICE, AS CLARK... IN HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY...

WELL, CHARYA-- AS MY ASSISTANT, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL GATHER THE NEWS! AND REMEMBER-- NEWS DOESN'T MEAN RUN-OF-THE-MILL STUFF, BUT SPECIAL EVENTS!

OH YES-- VERY SIMPLE... DON'T WORRY!

FIRST I WILL RUN NEW ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF **PALI CANON!** ALSO, NEW COMMENTARY ON **KAIVALYA UPANISAD**, AND...

OH NO--**NO!** THAT SCHOLARS' STUFF! ISN'T NEWS! I MEAN--**NEWS**... LIKE THE AMERICAN PAPERS-- UNDERSTAND? OH, I ONLY HOPE YOU DO-- OR I'M SUNK!

AFTERWARDS, UPON SWITCHING BACK TO **SUPERMAN**...

THE SOONER I GET PARESCA, THE BETTER! LET'S SEE WHAT MY **PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY** CAN PRODUCE ON HIM FROM THE METROPOLIS FILES OF THE **DAILY PLANET!**

JUST THAT TELEPHOTO STORY OF HOW PARESCA IS BELIEVED TO GET THE GOLD ON BOARD HIS SHIP IN THAT OLD CAR OF HIS-- EVEN THOUGH THE BORDER GUARDS CAN NEVER FIND A TRACE OF IT! WHAT'S MORE, HE ALWAYS OPERATES OUT OF THE SAME MEDITERRANEAN PORT...

POLICE SEARCH PARESCA'S CAR IN YANN FOR SMUGGLED GOLD

AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, A MILE OUTSIDE THAT VERY PORT...

I PAID A BOATMAN TO DELIVER ME TO THIS BUOY, BECAUSE PARESCA'S SLOOP HAS TO PASS CLOSE TO THIS BUOY IN ORDER TO REACH THE CHANNEL! IN FACT, HERE IT COMES NOW!

THIS IS A RISKY ATTEMPT-- BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO SCOOP THE CONTINENT WITH AN EXCLUSIVE ON PARESCA! JIMMY AND CLARK WILL BE GREEN WITH ENVY!

MEANWHILE, IN THE SLOOP'S CABIN...

HA-HA... YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THOSE PORT INSPECTORS SEARCH THE CAR FOR SMUGGLED GOLD BEFORE THEY LET ME DRIVE IT ON BOARD!

AND THERE SHE SITS AGAIN ON DECK-- WITH THE GOLD THEY COULDN'T FIND, EH?



JUST THEN...

SACRED SEA-SERPENTS! A WOMAN! HOW DID YOU GET ON BOARD?

I SWAM... IN THE HOPE THAT YOU WOULDN'T TURN A FELLOW SMUGGLER OVER TO THE POLICE!



YOU A SMUGGLER? PARDON MY SCEPTICISM! YOU'RE MORE LIKELY A POLICE AGENT!

PERHAPS *THIS* WILL CONVINCE YOU!



HMM... ACCORDING TO THIS NEWS STORY, YOU WERE OPERATING UNDER COVER FOR SOME TIME, UNTIL A COMRADE BETRAYED YOU! PERHAPS YOU COULD BE OF USE TO ME... BUT LET'S CHECK! BRING IN OUR OTHER STOWAWAY, RICARDO!

ANOTHER STOWAWAY?



MISS LANE! GREAT SCOTT-- DON'T TELL ME *YOU* WERE CRAZY ENOUGH TO COME HERE AFTER THE PARESCA STORY TOO!

AHA! SO THE FOOLISH REPORTER DOES KNOW YOU... BUT NOT AS THE SMUGGLER YOU PRETEND TO BE WITH YOUR FAKE NEWSPAPER!



FOOLS -- BOTH OF YOU! ONE EXPECTED ME TO BE VAIN ENOUGH TO LET HIM GO AND WRITE A BIG NEWS STORY ABOUT ME... AND THE OTHER THOUGHT TO DECEIVE ME! I'D ONLY BE HOUNDED BY REPORTERS IF I RELEASED YOU... SO -- YOU MUST DIE!



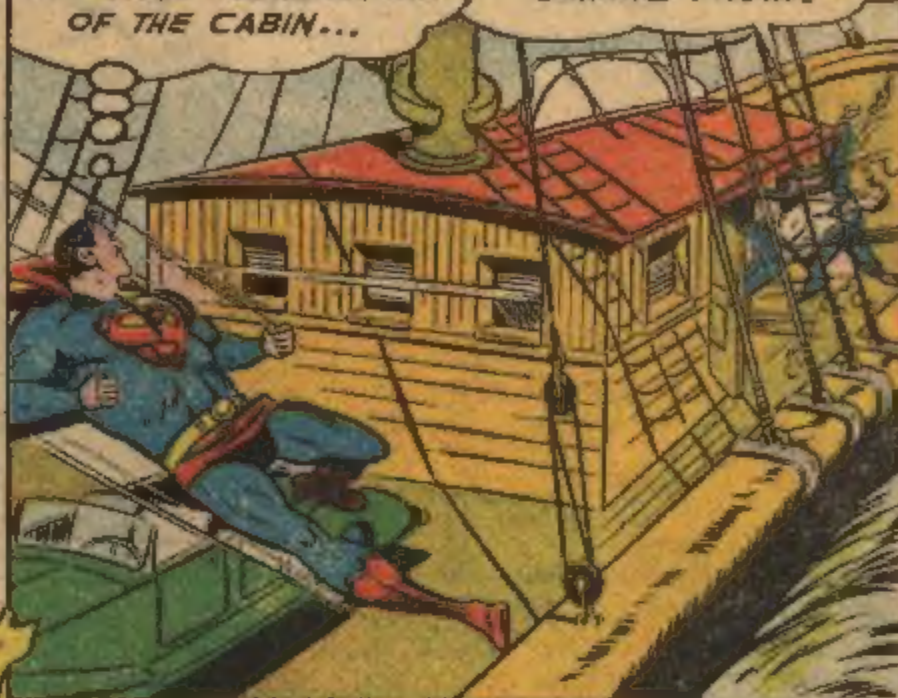
BUT OUTSIDE, APPROACHING THE SLOOP...

GREAT SCOTT! MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS LOIS IS THERE ALREADY... AND JIMMY, TOO! HAVE TO SAVE THEM WHILE KEEPING MY PRESENCE SECRET--OR IT'LL BE THAT MUCH HARDER TO GET AT PARESCA'S GOLD SMUGGLING SECRET!



FIRST--A BLAST OF SUPER-BREATH TO FORCE PARESCA OUT OF THE CABIN...

EH? WH-WHERE IS THAT STIFF BREEZE COMING FROM?



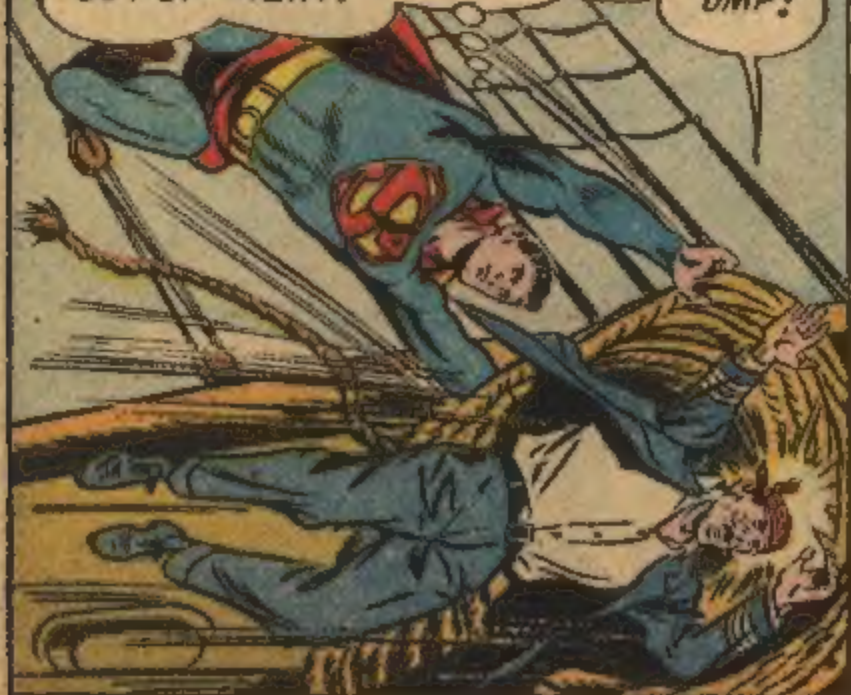
WHEN--FROM THE CABIN, A MOMENT LATER...

HE'S NOT HERE! THAT FREAK BLAST OF WIND MUST HAVE BLOWN PARESCA OVERBOARD! ALL HANDS ON DECK!



NOW TO CATCH PARESCA IN THIS COIL OF ROPE AND GET HIM OUT OF SIGHT!

UMP!



BUT AS THE CREW SCURRIES TO THE RAIL...

HIS HEAD STRUCK THAT ROPE JUST HARD ENOUGH TO PUT HIM OUT FOR AWHILE--AND GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TAKE HIS PLACE! LUCKILY, HE'S ABOUT MY SIZE! SINGEING THIS ROPE BETWEEN MY HANDS WILL DARKEN IT ENOUGH FOR A MOUSTACHE...



...AND I SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH PUTTY, HERE IN THE CLARK KENT OUTFIT I BROUGHT ALONG, TO COMPLETE THE MAKEUP JOB! HAVE TO WORK FAST THOUGH!

SO FAST, IN FACT, THAT SUPERMAN FAILS TO NOTICE A CARD THAT DROPS FROM THE SAME POCKET... A CARD THAT WILL SOON SPELL TROUBLE.

IN THE MEANTIME...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *MY* BLUNDER ALMOST GOT US BOTH KILLED? HOW DID I KNOW I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO RECOGNIZE YOU?

NEVER MIND THAT! THEY'LL BE BACK ANY MINUTE--AND AT LEAST WE OUGHT TO TRY TO DEFEND OURSELVES!

WHILE OUTSIDE...

I'LL LET THE CREW FISH ME UP FROM THE SEA-- THEN I'LL TAKE OVER THE SHIP AND GET THE MEN TO TALK UNTIL THEY REVEAL PARESCA'S METHOD OF GOLD SMUGGLING!

SOON...

LUCKY THAT FREAK BLOW DIDN'T DROWN YOU, PARESCA! BUT NOW, WHAT ABOUT THEM TWO BACK IN THE CABIN? YOU GONNA FINISH THEM?

ER...THAT FREAK ACCIDENT CONVINCED ME IT WOULD BE BAD LUCK! I'LL JUST TELL THEM WE'RE TAKING TAKING THEM ALONG FOR NOW!

BUT AS HE ENTERS TO TELL THE PRISONERS OF THEIR REPRIEVE...

HERE'S PARESCA NOW! LET HIM HAVE IT!

WITH PLEASURE!

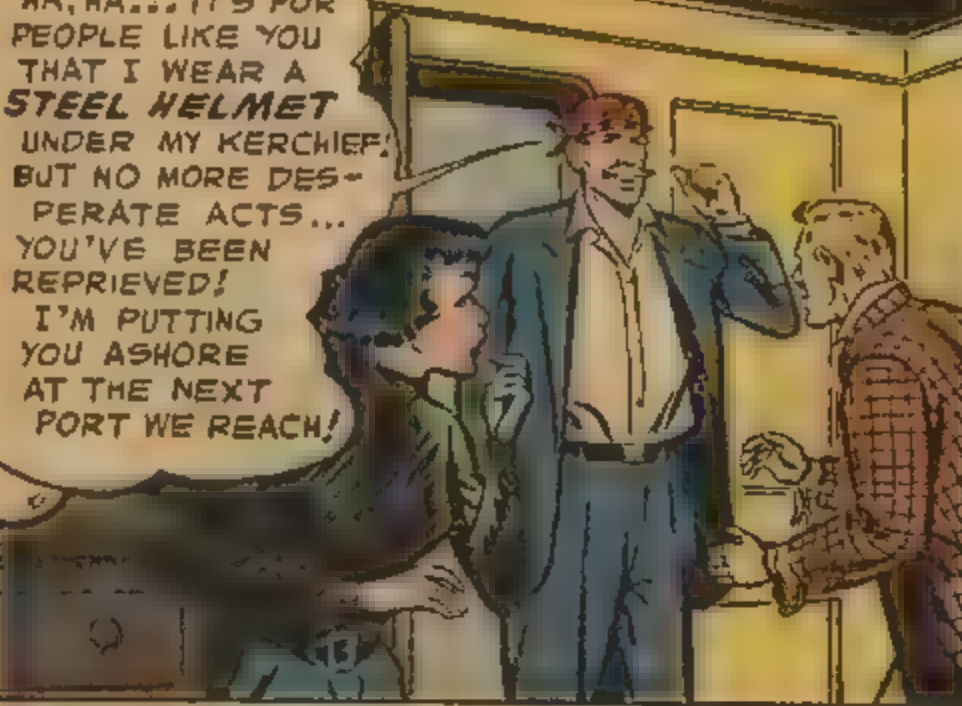
CRANK!

OH DEAR! HE ~~GASP~~ DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT!

B-BUT... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- UNLESS HE'S **SUPERMAN!**

THINKING FAST, THE DISGUISED MAN OF STEEL QUICKLY RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE...

HA, HA... IT'S FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU THAT I WEAR A **STEEL HELMET** UNDER MY KERCHIEF! BUT NO MORE DESPERATE ACTS... YOU'VE BEEN REPRIEVED! I'M PUTTING YOU ASHORE AT THE NEXT PORT WE REACH!



MEANWHILE, AS THE REAL PARESCA RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHO ELSE BUT MY OWN CREW WOULD HAVE BOUND AND THROWN ME HERE? NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE THE NERVE TO MUTINY! BUT-- THIS DECK GREASE SHOULD HELP ME SLIP LOOSE FROM THESE ROPES!



SO ANXIOUS IS THE SMUGGLER TO ESCAPE, THAT HE DOESN'T NOTICE THE CARD THAT STICKS TO HIS BACK WITH THE DECK GREASE...

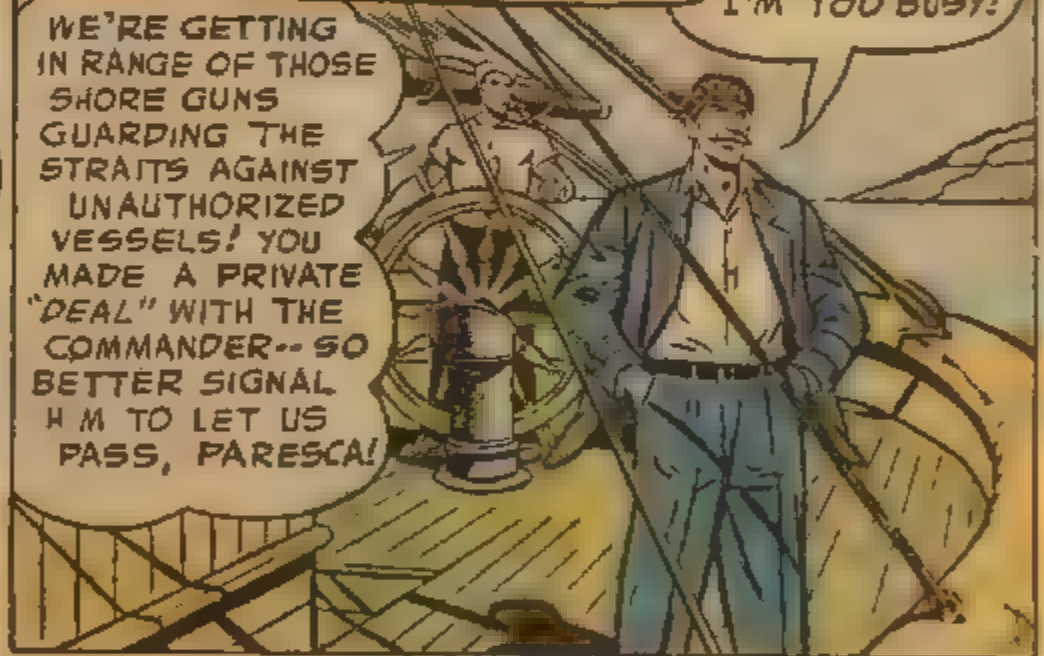
CAN'T FIGHT A MUTINOUS CREW SINGLE-HANDED! I'LL LEAP THE RAIL AND SWIM FOR IT! BETTER TAKE THAT SWEATER, TOO, SO I WON'T FREEZE IF I'M IN THE WATER LONG!



LATER, THE HELMSMAN SUMMONS THE DISGUISED SUPERMAN, AND...

WE'RE GETTING IN RANGE OF THOSE SHORE GUNS GUARDING THE STRAITS AGAINST UNAUTHORIZED VESSELS! YOU MADE A PRIVATE "DEAL" WITH THE COMMANDER-- SO BETTER SIGNAL HIM TO LET US PASS, PARESCA!

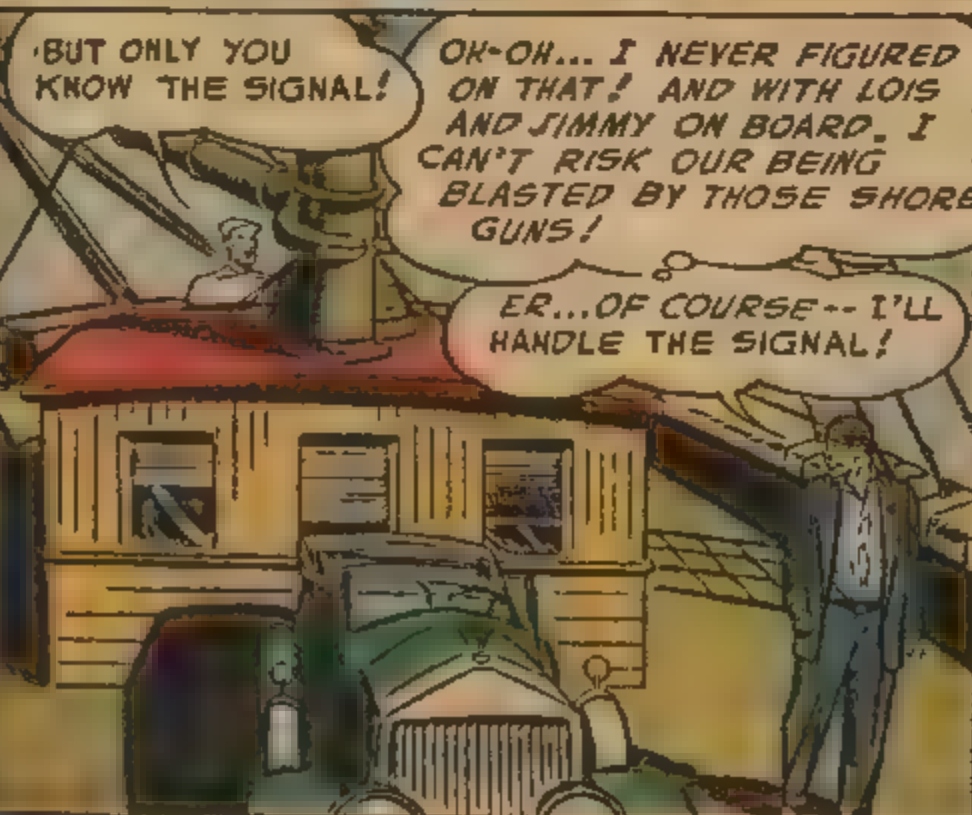
SIGNAL? ER-- YOU DO IT... I-- I'M TOO BUSY!



BUT ONLY YOU KNOW THE SIGNAL!

OK-OH... I NEVER FIGURED ON THAT! AND WITH LOIS AND JIMMY ON BOARD, I CAN'T RISK OUR BEING BLASTED BY THOSE SHORE GUNS!

ER...OF COURSE-- I'LL HANDLE THE SIGNAL!



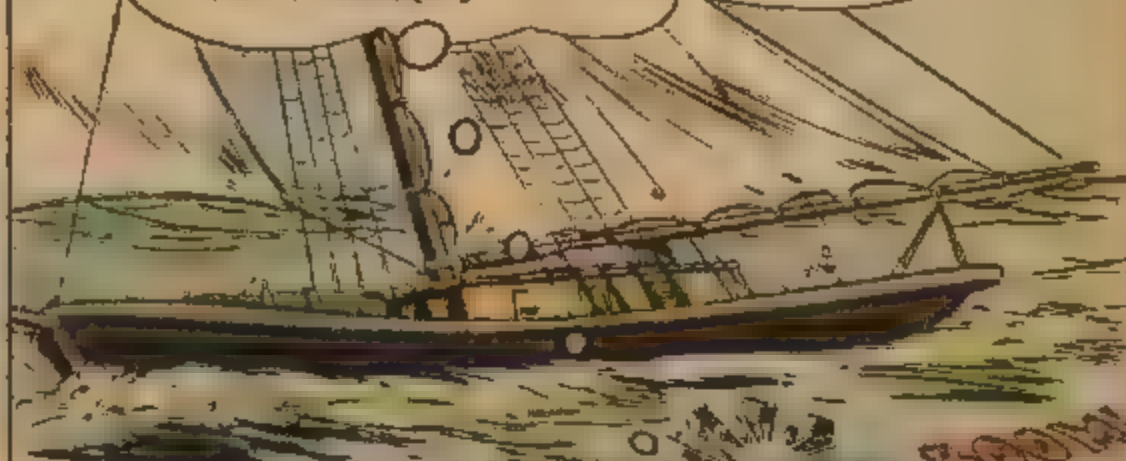
I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO GET THE SIGNAL FROM THE REAL PARESCA AND--WAIT! HE--HE'S GONE! THOSE GREASE TRACKS LEADING TO THE RAIL... HE'S JUMPED OVERBOARD!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO... MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS THOSE PORT GUNS BEING TRAINED ON THE SLOOP!



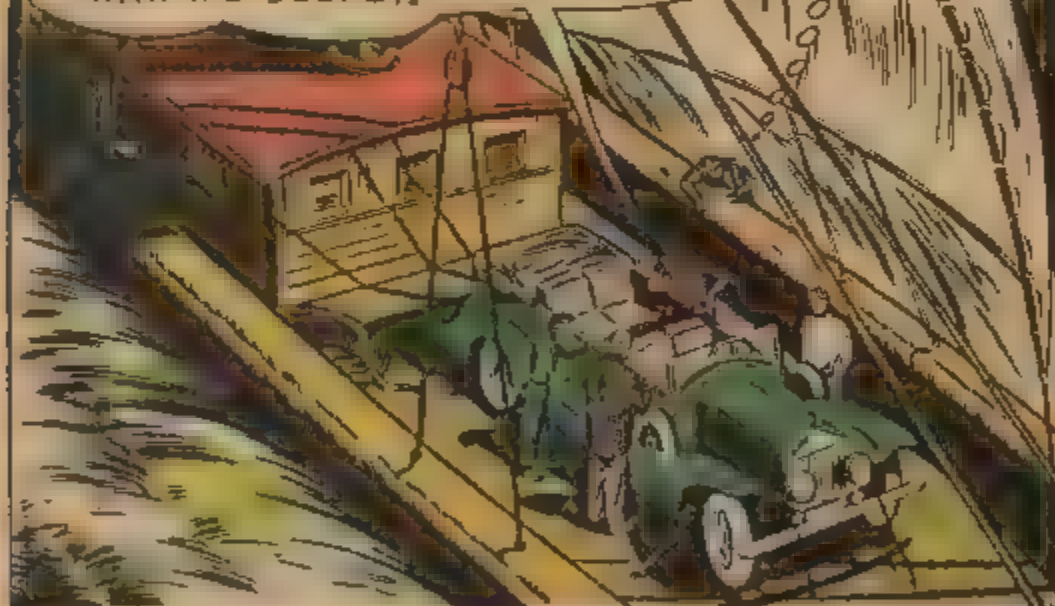
THIS'LL PROTECT THE SHIP UNTIL SHE SAILS PAST THE BATTERIES! THEN--I'LL GET BACK ON BOARD AND KEEP TRYING TO FIND OUT WHERE AND HOW PARESCA HAS CACHED THAT SMUGGLED GOLD ON THAT AUTOMOBILE!



BUT LOIS AND JIMMY SEEM TO HAVE THE SAME IDEA...

SURE--THE GOLD IS IN PARESCA'S CAR... BUT IF THE CUSTOMS MEN COULD NOT FIND IT, NEITHER WILL YOU! PARESCA HAS NOT EVEN TRUSTED US WITH HIS SECRET.

HMM... SO EVEN THE CREW DOESN'T KNOW... AND MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS NOTHING EITHER!



WELL--NOTHING TO DO NOW EXCEPT PUT IN FOR OUR PORT OF DESTINATION AND SEE WHO TURNS UP TO NEGOTIATE FOR THE GOLD -- IF THERE REALLY IS GOLD IN THAT CAR!



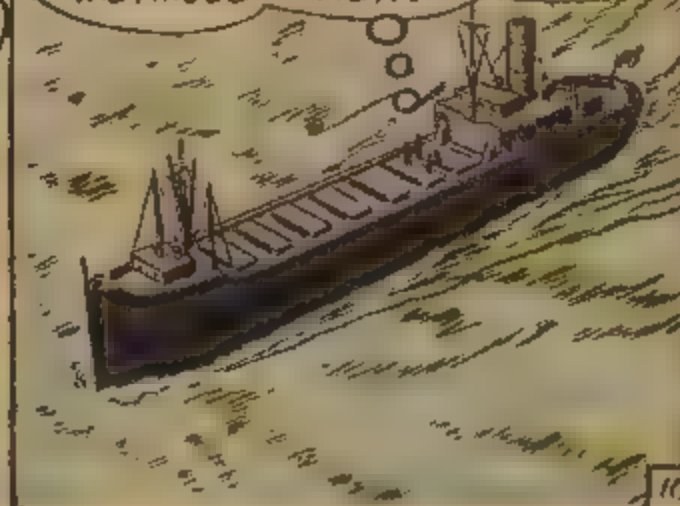
BUT WHAT OF THE REAL PARESCA? THAT EVENING, ON THE DECK OF A MEDITERRANEAN FREIGHTER, MILES AWAY...

YOU MEAN, YOU'RE GOING ALL THE WAY EAST--THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL? OH--WHY WASN'T I PICKED UP BY A BOAT GOING THE OTHER WAY--? BUT--WAIT...WHAT'S THIS?

I SAID, YOU DROPPED THIS PRESS CARD WHEN YOU TOOK OFF YOUR SWEATER, MR. KENT!



HE'S MISTAKEN... I COULDN'T HAVE DROPPED THIS! "INTRODUCING CLARK KENT TO THE BOMBAY DAILY PLANET OFFICE..." BUT-- IF I COULD USE THIS TO RAISE CASH IN BOMBAY, I'LL BE BETTER EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH MY MUTINOUS CREW!



NEXT DAY,
AT A
NORTHWEST
AFRICAN
PORT, WITH
SUPERMAN
STILL
DISGUISED
AS
PARESCA...

WELL-- WE'VE ARRIVED... THE CAR'S
READY FOR YOU TO DRIVE OFF
THE GANGPLANK! WILL YOU BE BACK
WITH THE CASH FOR THE GOLD
THIS AFTERNOON, CAPTAIN?

ER--AS USUAL! 'ALSO,
WHEN I LEAVE, RELEASE
THE TWO REPORTERS!

BUT SUDDENLY...

SPEAKING OF THE REPORTERS--
LOOK! THEY'RE MAKING A GET-
AWAY WITH THE CAR!

STEP ON IT, JIMMY! IF
THE GOLD'S HERE, WE'RE
BOUND TO FIND IT--AND
WE CAN SHARE THIS
SCOOP TOGETHER!

ALL AT ONCE...

WATCH
OUT!

THE DOCK MUST BE
ROTTEN! WE--WE'RE
FALLING THROUGH!

IN THE SAME INSTANT, THE
STARTLED HELMSMAN SEES
HIS "CAPTAIN" UNDERGO AN
AMAZING TRANSFORMATION..

NO REAL PURPOSE
IN CLINGING TO THIS
DISGUISE ANYMORE.
IT'S UP TO **SUPERMAN!**
TO RESCUE LOIS
AND JIMMY!

NO--YOU
CAN'T BE
SUPERMAN!
IT'S MY
MIND! NEXT
THING, I'LL BE
SEEING MERMAIDS!

STREAKING BELOW THE DOCK, HE REACHES
THE FALLING CAR BEFORE IT CAN HIT THE WATER.

SUPERMAN!
H-HOW DID
YOU GET
HERE? AND
WHY?

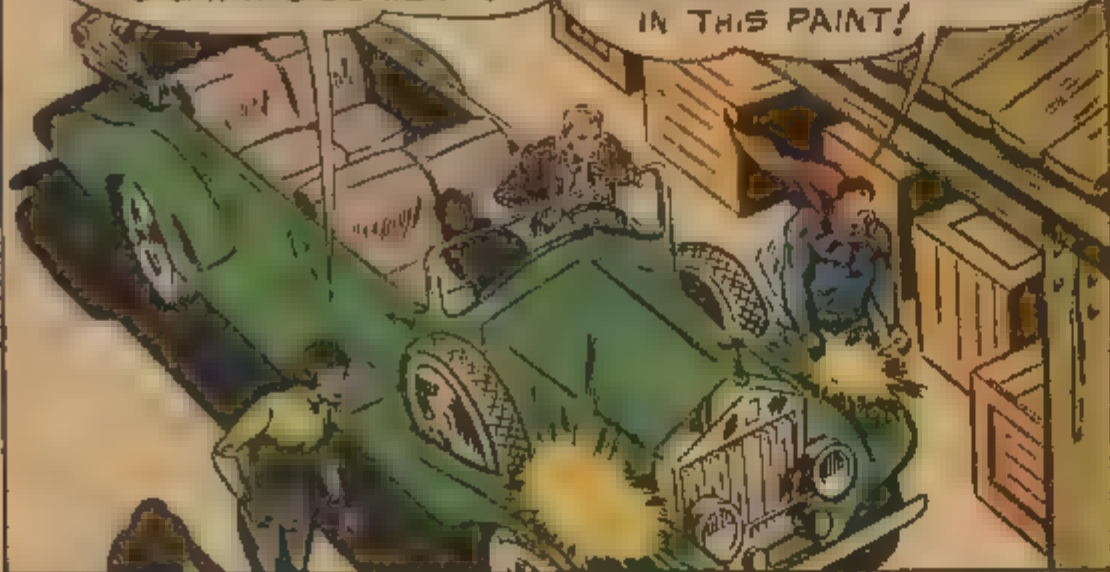
JUST TO KEEP YOU
TWO FROM GETTING
KILLED THROUGH
PULLING WILD STUNTS
LIKE THIS! ONLY I'LL
FORGIVE YOU THIS
TIME...

...BECAUSE IF YOU HADN'T TRIED **THIS**
PARTICULAR STUNT, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE
NOTICED SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR! THIS
CAR WEIGHS AS MUCH AS A **TANK**--WHICH
SEEMS SILLY, UNLESS... LET ME HAVE A
LOOK AT THESE FENDERS!

SCRAPING HIS HANDS OVER THE FENDERS AT SUPER-SPEED TO REMOVE THE PAINT, SUPERMAN REVEALS...

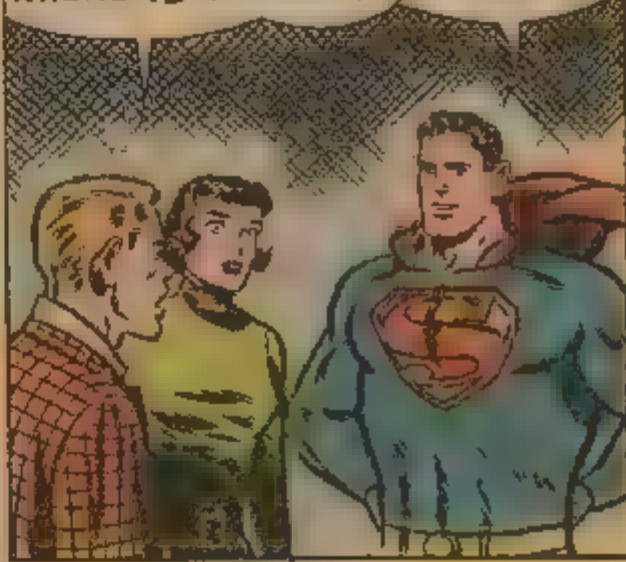
GOLD! UNDERNEATH THE PAINT, THE FENDERS ARE PURE GOLD! NO WONDER THE CAR WAS SO HEAVY!

AND NO WONDER EVEN I MISSED THE TRUTH WITH MY X-RAY VISION! I COULDN'T SEE THROUGH THE LEAD IN THIS PAINT!



WELL--THAT EXPOSES THE SECRET OF PARESCA. ONLY, FOR ONCE, I WISH WE COULD'VE DONE IT WITHOUT SUPERMAN'S HELP! BUT--SAY... WHERE IS PARESCA?

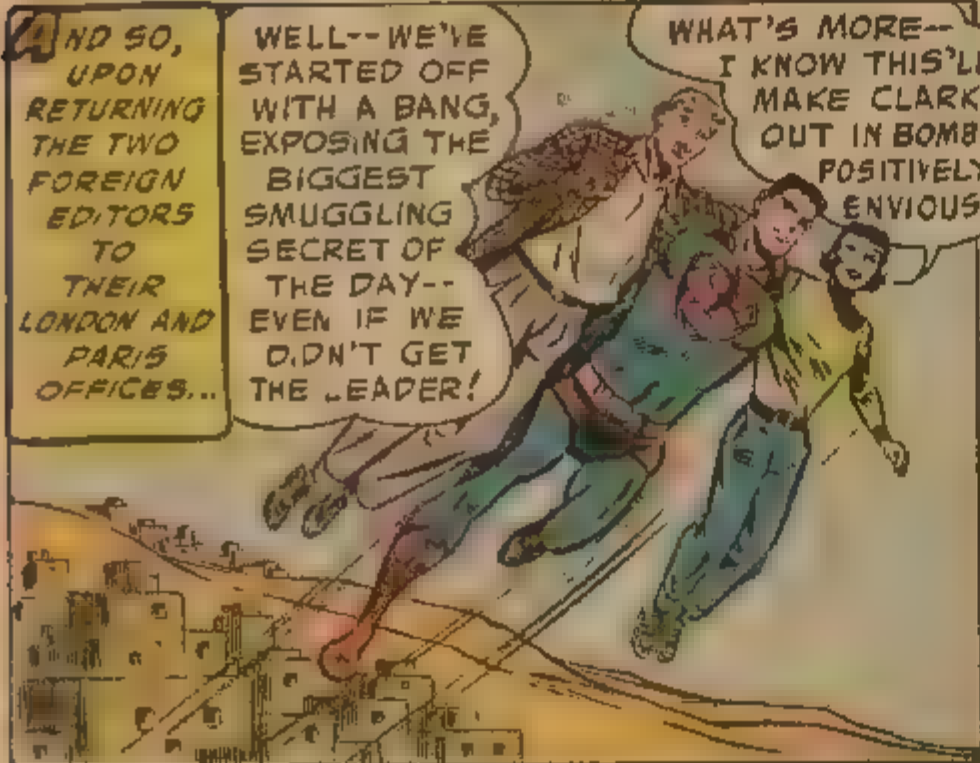
HE GOT AWAY, I'M AFRAID! BUT AT LEAST YOU DID GET A SCOOP!



AND SO, UPON RETURNING THE TWO FOREIGN EDITORS TO THEIR LONDON AND PARIS OFFICES...

WELL--WE'VE STARTED OFF WITH A BANG, EXPOSING THE BIGGEST SMUGGLING SECRET OF THE DAY--EVEN IF WE DIDN'T GET THE LEADER!

WHAT'S MORE--I KNOW THIS'LL MAKE CLARK, OUT IN BOMBAY, POSITIVELY ENVIOUS!



FINALLY FREE TO RETURN AS CLARK TO HIS OWN BOMBAY NEWS OFFICE...

I ONLY HOPE I DON'T LOSE MY JOB ALTOGETHER WHEN PERRY WHITE SEES THE BIG STORIES IN THE LONDON AND PARIS EDITIONS WHILE I'VE HARDLY GOTTEN MY EDITION STARTED! IN FACT--HUN? WHAT'S THIS?

VERY NICE NEWS SCOOP, EH, MR. KENT? YOU LIKE THIS?



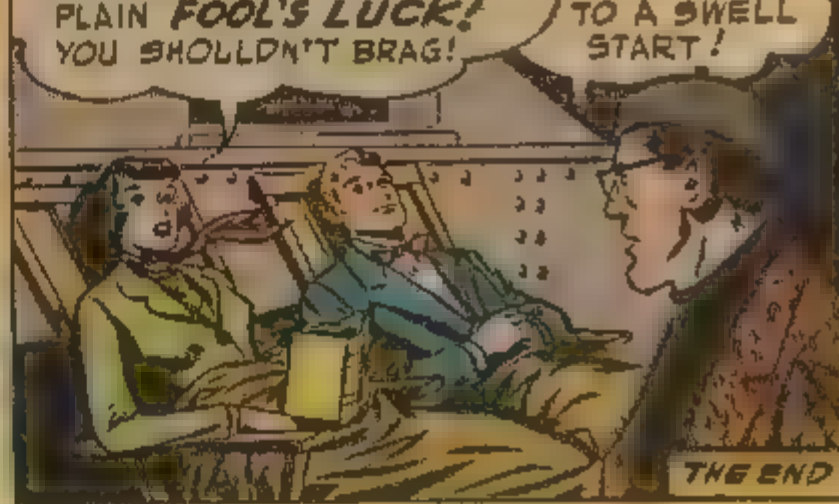
YOU MEAN, YOU NABBED PARESCA--HERE? BUT--HOW?

WHEN HE PRESENTED IDENTITY CARD AND CLAIMED TO BE YOU, I CALLED POLICE. JUST THEN, A TELEPHOTO PICTURE OF PARESCA ARRIVE FROM LONDON AND PARIS! VERY SIMPLE, NO?

THUS, ONE WEEK LATER, ON A LINER BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES...

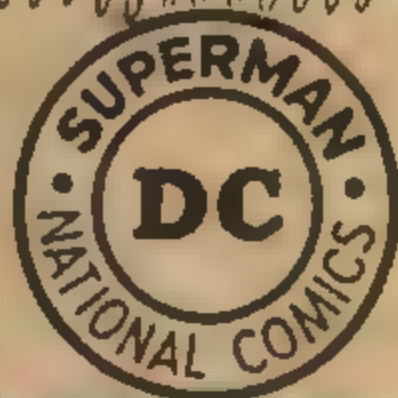
MAYBE JIMMY AND I DID HAVE SUPERMAN HELP US GET OUR SCOOPS--BUT PARESCA WALKING INTO YOUR BOMBAY OFFICE WAS PLAIN FOOL'S LUCK! YOU SHOULDN'T BRAG!

OH, WELL--AT LEAST WE ALL GOT THE INTER-NATIONAL DAILY PLANET OFF TO A SWELL START!



To the BOYS and GIRLS
of America--

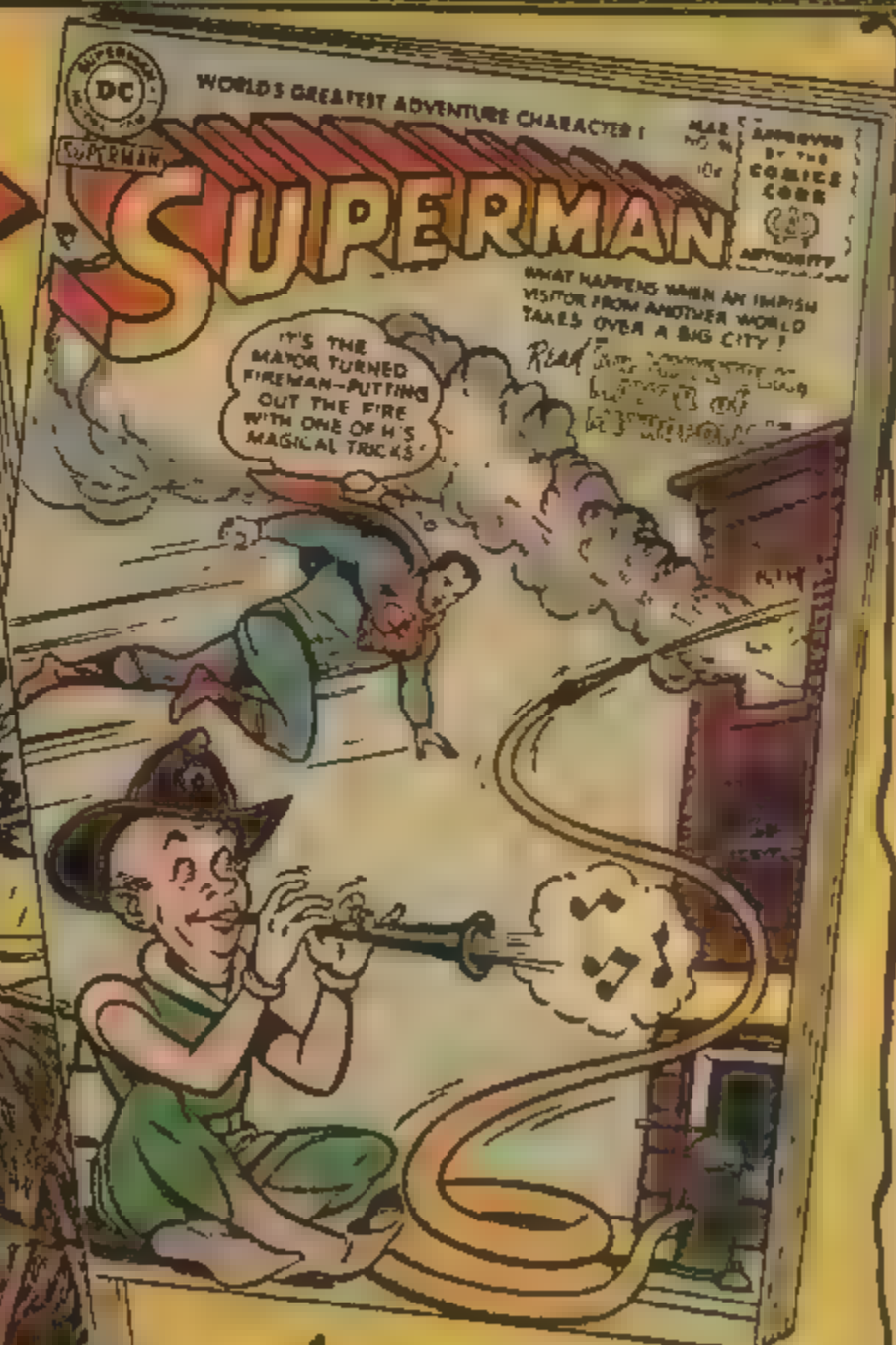
THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL
IS YOUR



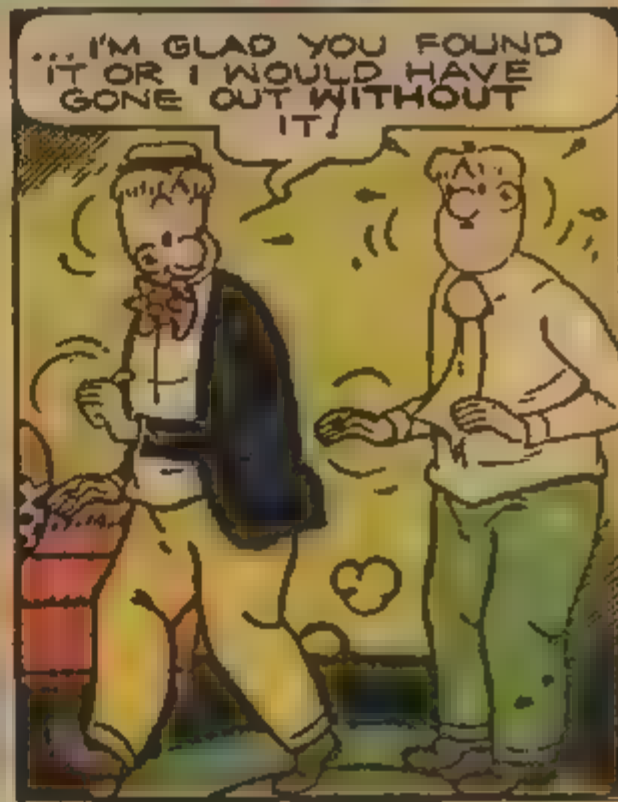
GUARANTEE

OF THE *BEST* IN COMICS READING

For Example ➡



All SUPERMAN-DC
COMICS HAVE BEEN
APPROVED BY THE
CODE AUTHORITY!



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

I KANQNAQXAM FANT
VAPPIFN BW QON FXAMB
NO JKALDIV IRTXINW
MPCQ VUPLN CAPJAM
XATN, IPCQ IOTARCH
OXA IPI "

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION **RECORDS**

400 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

APRIL

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

Tommy TOMORROW



ONE MORNING, AS PLANETEER COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS AIDE, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, REPORT FOR DUTY AT EARTH HEADQUARTERS...

WAIT, TOMMY... I DROPPED THAT ODD TRIANGULAR COIN I PICKED UP ON VENUS!

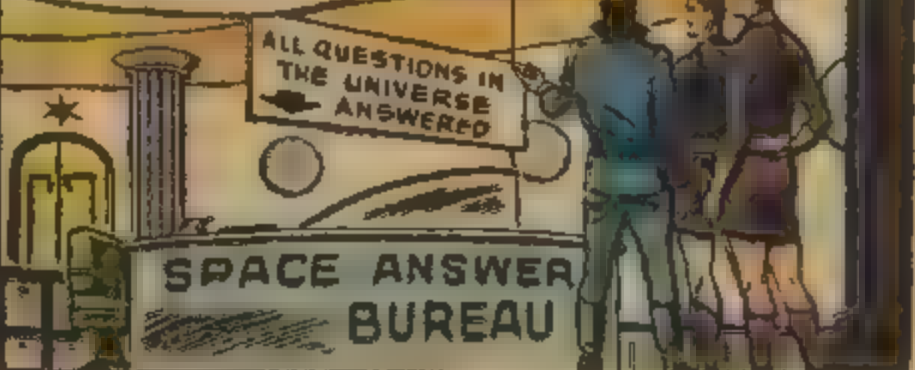
FORGET IT, BRENT-- WE'RE DUE HERE IN EXACTLY TWO SECONDS!



INSIDE IS A UNIQUE FREE SERVICE OF THE PLANETEERS...

YOU'RE REPLACING THE TWO MEN FORMERLY ON DUTY HERE! THEY WERE HOSPITALIZED AFTER A FIRE IN THE BOOTH YESTERDAY! AND REMEMBER-- WE'RE PROUD OF OUR RECORD... WE'VE NEVER YET FAILED TO ANSWER A QUESTION!

WE'LL KEEP THAT RECORD INTACT, SIR!



IT WON'T BE EASY, COLONEL TOMORROW. BEFORE OUR RESEARCH STAFF CAN REPLACE THOSE BURNED OUT FILES, YOU MUST GIVE ALL ANSWERS FROM MEMORY! THAT'S WHY YOU WERE PICKED FOR THIS JOB... YOU KNOW, SPACE BEST! 'GOOD LUCK!



BEFORE LONG, QUESTIONS COME POURING IN OVER THE SPACEPHONE-TV...

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR...! GANYMEDE IS JUPITER'S BIGGEST MOON--3300 MILES IN DIAMETER!

YES, MA'AM THE CRATERS ON EARTH'S MOON WERE FORMED BY METEORS THAT FELL ON ITS SURFACE EONS AGO!



NOT A SINGLE QUERY GOES UNANSWERED.

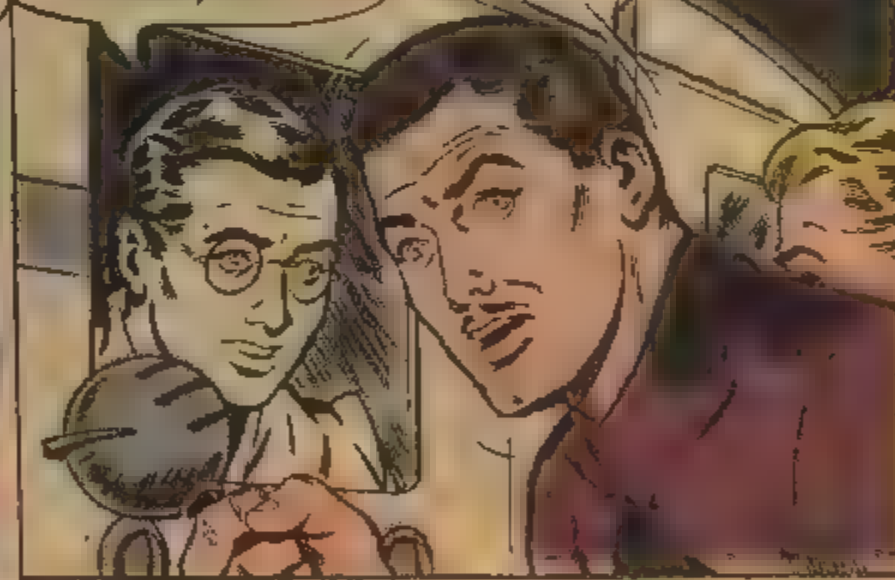
NO, MADAM--THERE ARE NO WILD TWO-HEADED BEASTS ON MARS! YOU CAN VACATION THERE SAFELY!

PSHAW! WE CAN ANSWER THESE ROUTINE QUESTIONS FROM OUR OWN KNOWLEDGE OF SPACE! THIS JOB'S A SNAP!



I'M A STUDENT OF SPACE DATA! HOW MANY SMALL METEORS MAKE UP THE RINGS OF SATURN, PLEASE?

YIPES! THE FILES ON SATURN ARE ALL BURNED OUT! HOW'LL WE ANSWER THAT ONE?

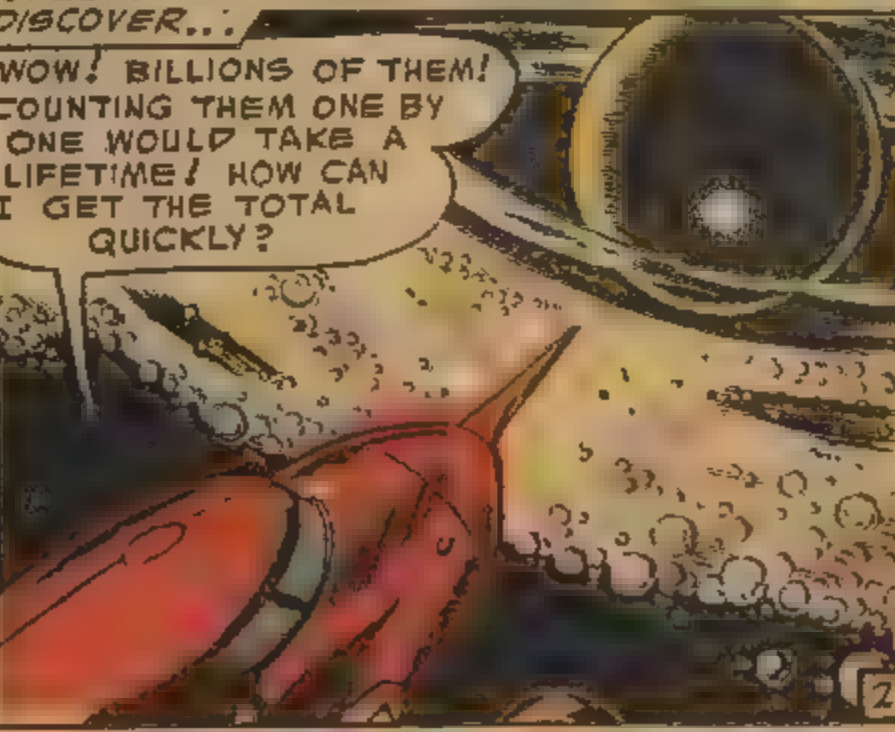


WE CAN'T LET THE ANSWER BUREAU DOWN! YOU STAY HERE AND HANDLE ROUTINE QUESTIONS, BRENT! TELL THE STUDENT WE'LL CALL BACK--AFTER I GO AND COUNT THE RING METEORS!



IN HIS FAMED CRAFT, THE SPACE ACE, TOMMY SPEEDS TO THE PLANET SATURN. ONLY TO DISCOVER...

WOW! BILLIONS OF THEM! COUNTING THEM ONE BY ONE WOULD TAKE A LIFETIME! HOW CAN I GET THE TOTAL QUICKLY?

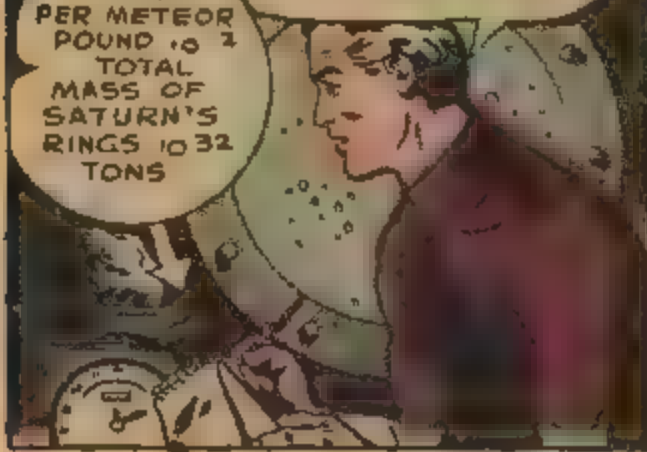




THE CLEVER PLANETEER SOON ARRIVES AT A SIMPLE BUT SURE METHOD..

WITH THESE TOTALS KNOWN TO SCIENCE, I CAN WEIGH THE AVERAGE RING METEOR! THEN I SIMPLY DIVIDE THE TOTAL RING ATOMS BY THE METEOR'S ATOMS TO GET THE **NUMBER** OF METEORS!

ATOMS PER METEOR POUND 10²¹
TOTAL MASS OF SATURN'S RINGS 10³² TONS



SOON, BACK ON EARTH...

YOUR ANSWER IS 10,956,775,465, PLUS OR MINUS 1,000!

CLOSE ENOUGH, THANKS! THE **SPACE ANSWER BUREAU** NEVER FAILS!



BUT MORE ANSWERS, UNAVAILABLE FROM THE BURNED FILES, ARE REQUIRED...

HAVING LOST MY EARTH FARM IN A TORNADO, I WANT TO START A FARM ON SOME OTHER WORLD! IS DYPLON A GOOD AGRICULTURAL WORLD?

I'M OFF FOR DYPLON TO SEE WITH MY OWN EYES!



LATER, ON DYPLON...

THIS WORLD HAS FERTILE SOIL-- BUT ONLY GIANT MAN-EATING PLANTS GROW HERE! GOT TO **SHOOT** MY WAY FREE! SURE IS GETTING THE ANSWER THE **HARD** WAY!



BACK ON EARTH, A WARNING REPLY TO THE SPACE FARMER...

SORRY, BUT DYPLON IS SURE DEATH, WITH ALL ITS CARNIVOROUS PLANTS!

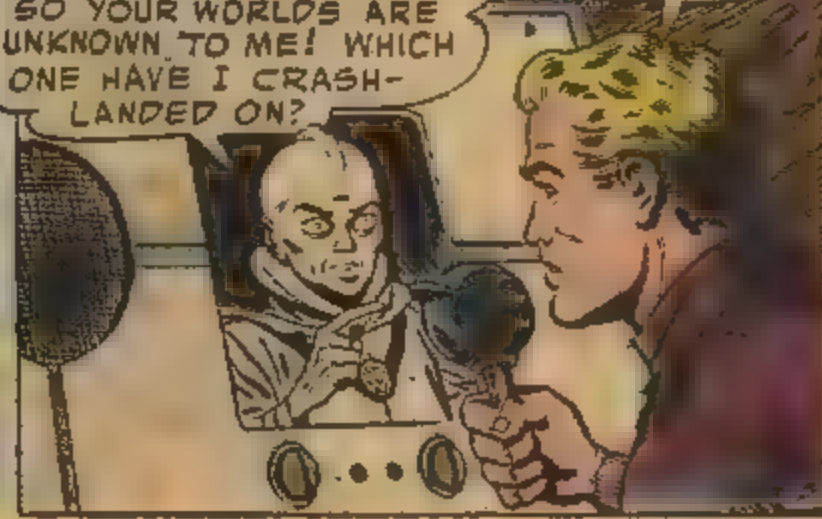
LET'S SEE-- TRY ORIONUS INSTEAD, SIR! EXCELLENT FARMING CONDITIONS THERE!



SUDDENLY, A FAR GRIMMER QUERY COMES IN...

THANK THE STARS SOMEONE PICKED UP MY **TELEPATHY-PHONE CALL!** I NEED HELP! I'M A SPACE EXPLORER FROM ANOTHER GALAXY, SO YOUR WORLDS ARE UNKNOWN TO ME! WHICH ONE HAVE I CRASH-LANDED ON?

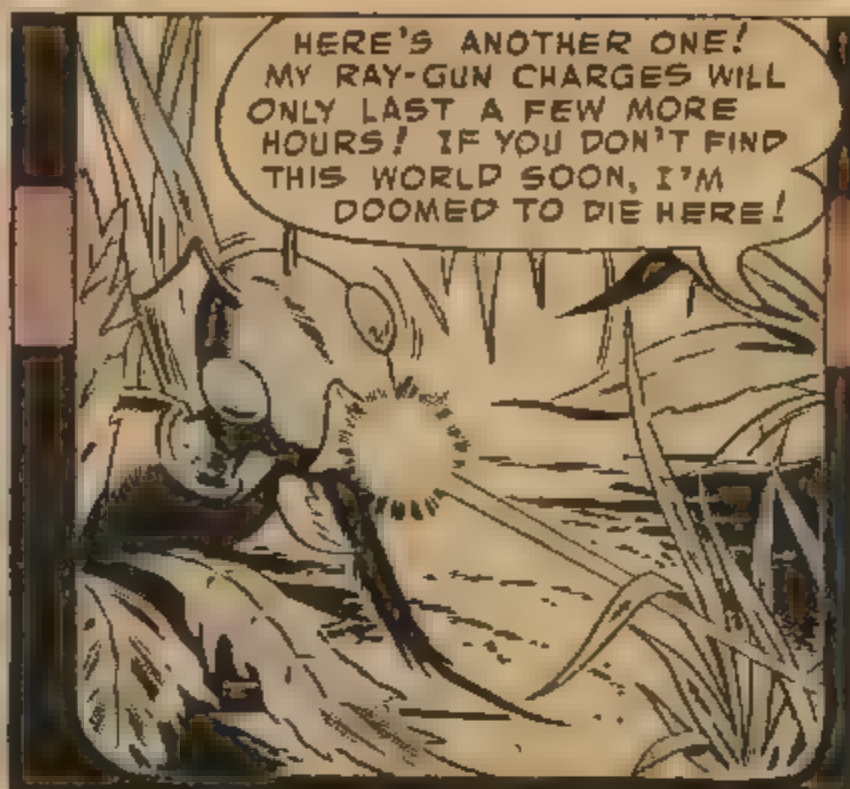
CAN YOU GIVE ME A TV-PICK-UP OF THE SURROUNDING SCENERY, SIR?



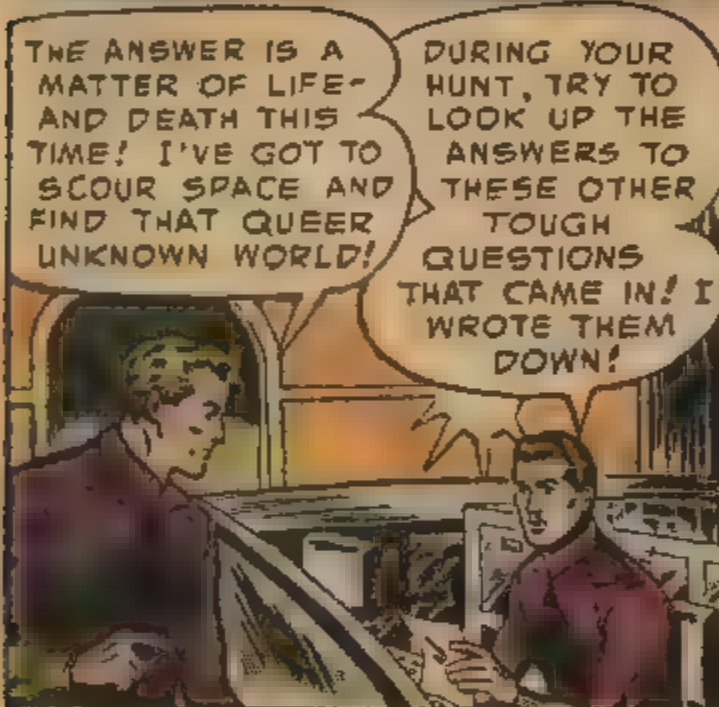


HMM... NEVER SAW THAT STRANGE LANDSCAPE BEFORE!

BUT YOU MUST FIND THIS WORLD AND RESCUE ME SOON! GIANT UGLY BEASTS HAVE BEEN ATTACKING ME SINCE I LANDED!



HERE'S ANOTHER ONE! MY RAY-GUN CHARGES WILL ONLY LAST A FEW MORE HOURS! IF YOU DON'T FIND THIS WORLD SOON, I'M DOOMED TO DIE HERE!

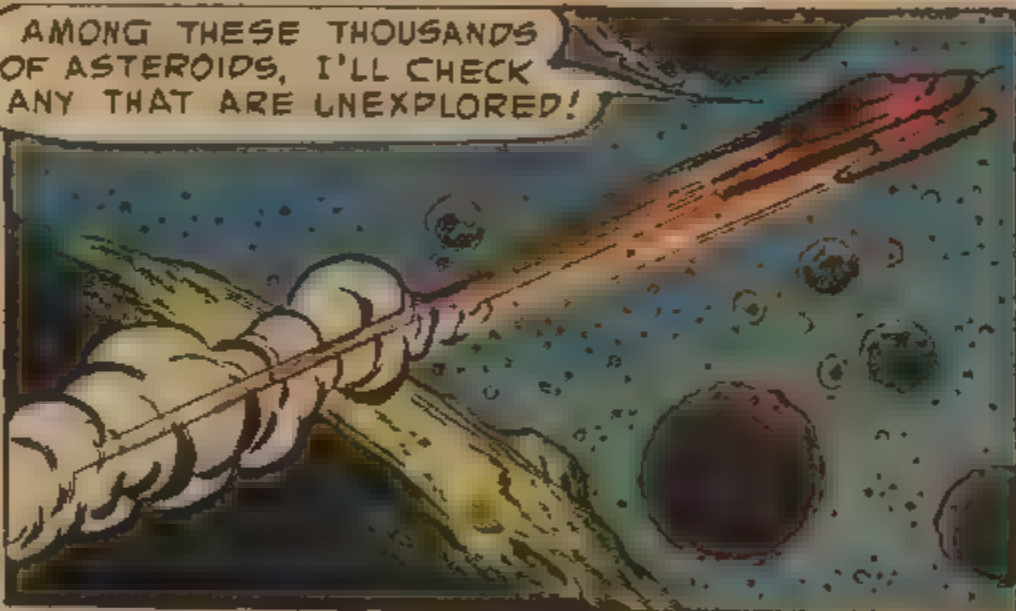


THE ANSWER IS A MATTER OF LIFE-AND DEATH THIS TIME! I'VE GOT TO SCOUR SPACE AND FIND THAT QUEER UNKNOWN WORLD!

DURING YOUR HUNT, TRY TO LOOK UP THE ANSWERS TO THESE OTHER TOUGH QUESTIONS THAT CAME IN! I WROTE THEM DOWN!

IT'S A NEEDLE-IN-A-HAYSTACK SEARCH OF THE UNIVERSE THAT CONFRONTS TOMMY...

AMONG THESE THOUSANDS OF ASTEROIDS, I'LL CHECK ANY THAT ARE UNEXPLORED!



BUT AFTER VISITING A DOZEN DIFFERENT WORLDS...

NONE OF THE ANIMALS RESEMBLES THOSE HE WAS BATTLING! I'LL TRY SOME PLANETOIDS AT THE RIM OF THE STAR MAPS NOW...



...AND ON THE WAY OVER I'LL TACKLE THOSE OTHER QUESTIONS BRENT WROTE DOWN! JUMPING JUPITER-- ANOTHER TOUGHIE!

from M. W. - Writer of space articles:
"Is the legend true that after a 'Rain of Meteors', there appears a Space Rainbow?"

As TOMMY TAKES OFF TO INVESTIGATE...

SPACE RAINBOW? JUST A RIDICULOUS... NO, WAIT! DIDN'T I SEE SOME COLORED STREAKS OFF THIS WAY BEFORE?

A LEGEND COME TRUE! A FLOCK OF ODD-COLORED METEORS! SO THIS "RAIN OF METEORS" ACTUALLY PRODUCES ITS OWN "SPACE RAINBOW"! ANOTHER CRAZY QUESTION ANSWERED!

BUT CRAZIER YET, A ZOO-KEEPER ASKS "WHERE CAN I CAPTURE A SPACE DRAGON?" DOES HE THINK ANYBODY CAN GO OUT AND CAPTURE SUCH A CREATURE?

THESE GIANT DRAGONS WHO LEAP FROM WORLD TO WORLD IN SEARCH OF FOOD, ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN! THEIR HEAVY ARMOR PROTECTS THEM FROM THE BITTER COLD! I'LL NOTIFY THE ZOOKEEPER THAT A CAPTURED SPACE DRAGON IS WAITING HERE FOR HIM!

BUT TOMMY IS STILL STUMPED BY THE MOST BAFFLING QUESTION OF ALL...

NO ANIMALS MATCH THIS DRAWING I MADE OF THOSE ATTACKING THE LOST SPACEMAN! YET SOMEHOW, THEY SEEM FAMILIAR TO ME. WHERE HAVE I SEEN SUCH BEASTS?

WAIT! NOW I KNOW! I SAW THEM RIGHT ON **THIS** WORLD!

CAN TOMMY BE SERIOUS? WHY IS HE HEADING BACK TO EARTH, WHERE SUCH FANTASTIC BEASTS ARE UNKNOWN?

UPON CONTACTING THE LOST SPACEMAN AGAIN...

HURRY! MY RAY-GUN IS ALMOST EMPTY! AM I TOO FAR AWAY FOR RESCUE?

YOU'RE NOT FAR AWAY AT ALL, SIR! IN FACT, I'LL REACH YOU IN JUST A FEW SECONDS!



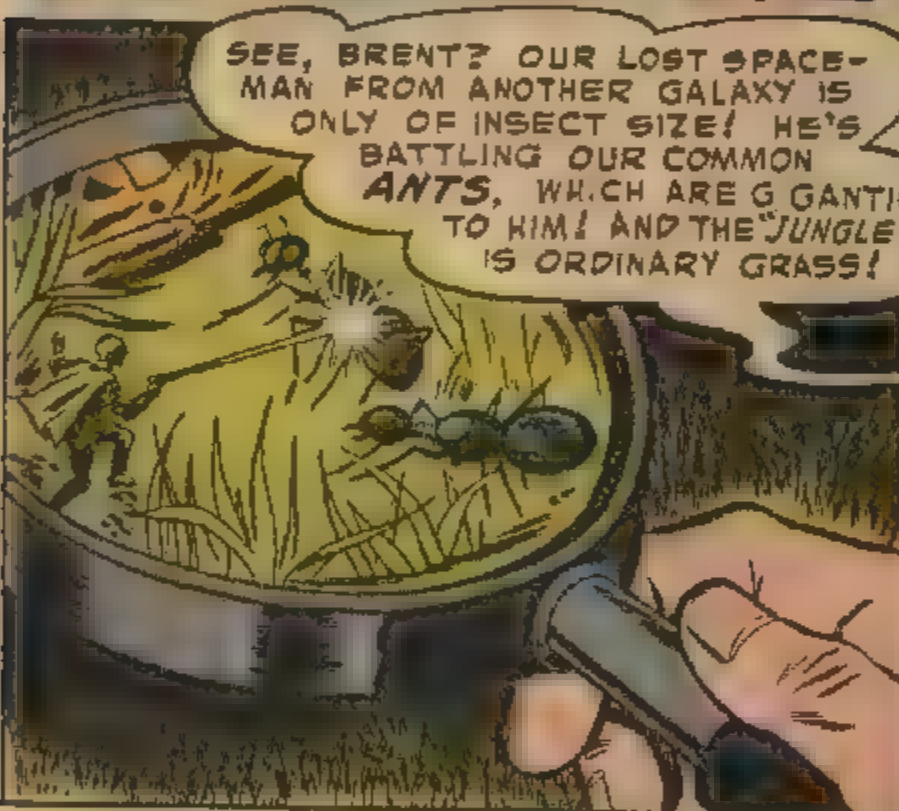
OUTSIDE, A MOMENT LATER...

TOMMY HAVE YOU GONE SPACE-HAPPY? THERE AREN'T ANY GANT UGLY MONSTERS LIKE THAT AROUND HERE!

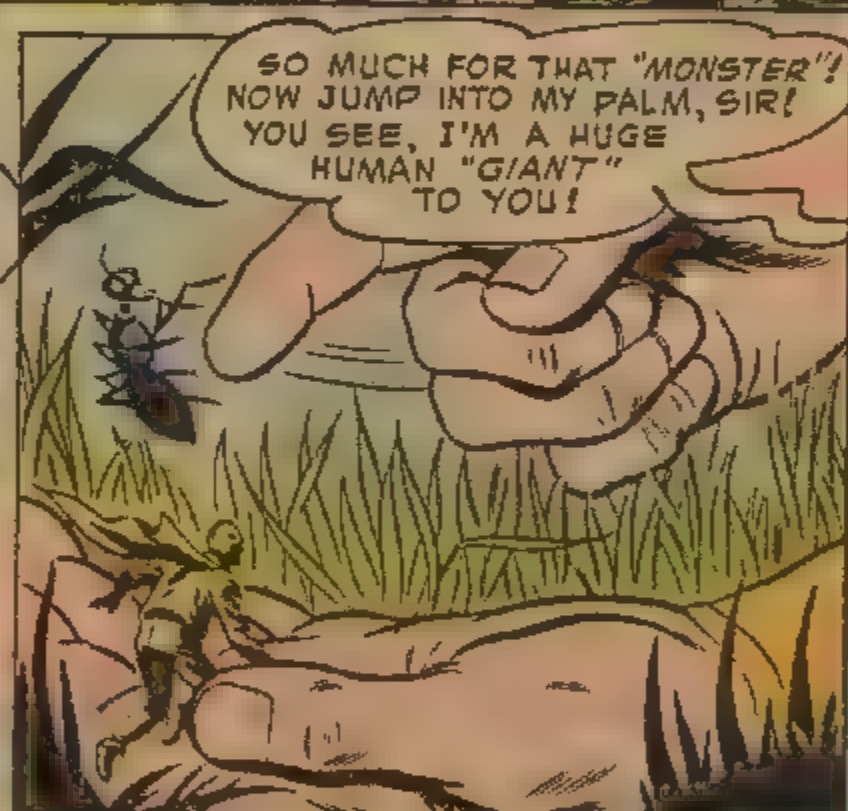
NO, BRENT-- BUT THERE ARE **TINY** UGLY MONSTERS LIKE THAT... IN THE **GRASS!**



SEE, BRENT? OUR LOST SPACE-MAN FROM ANOTHER GALAXY IS ONLY OF INSECT SIZE! HE'S BATTLING OUR COMMON **ANTS**, WHICH ARE G GANTIC TO HIM! AND THE "JUNGLE" IS ORDINARY GRASS!

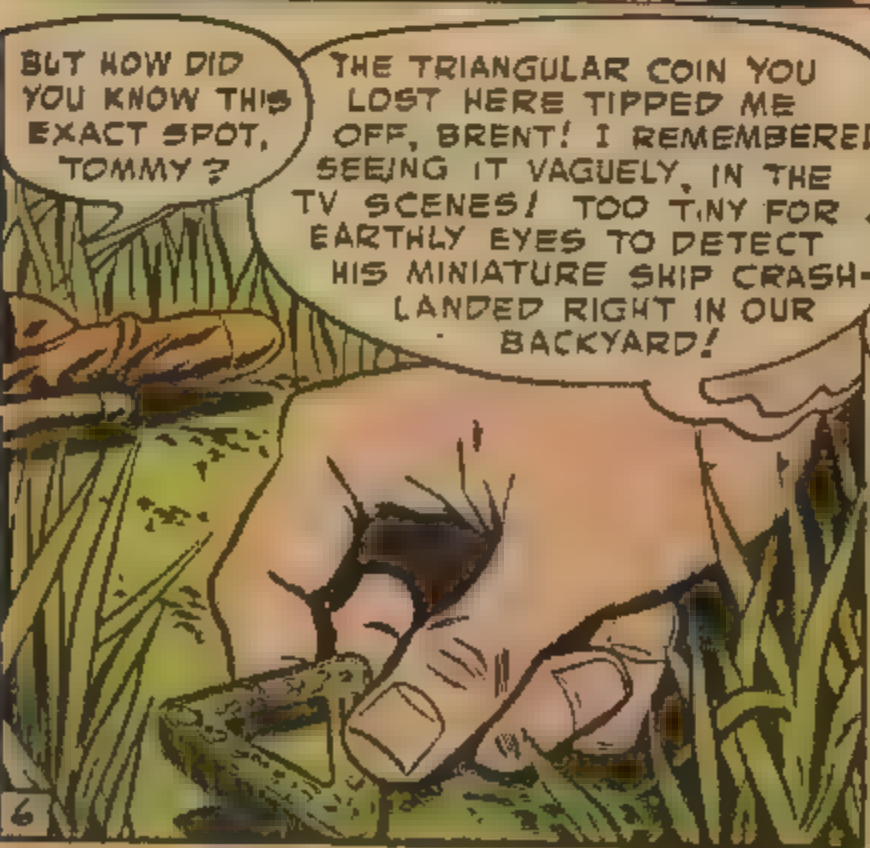


SO MUCH FOR THAT "MONSTER"! NOW JUMP INTO MY PALM, SIR! YOU SEE, I'M A HUGE HUMAN "GIANT" TO YOU!



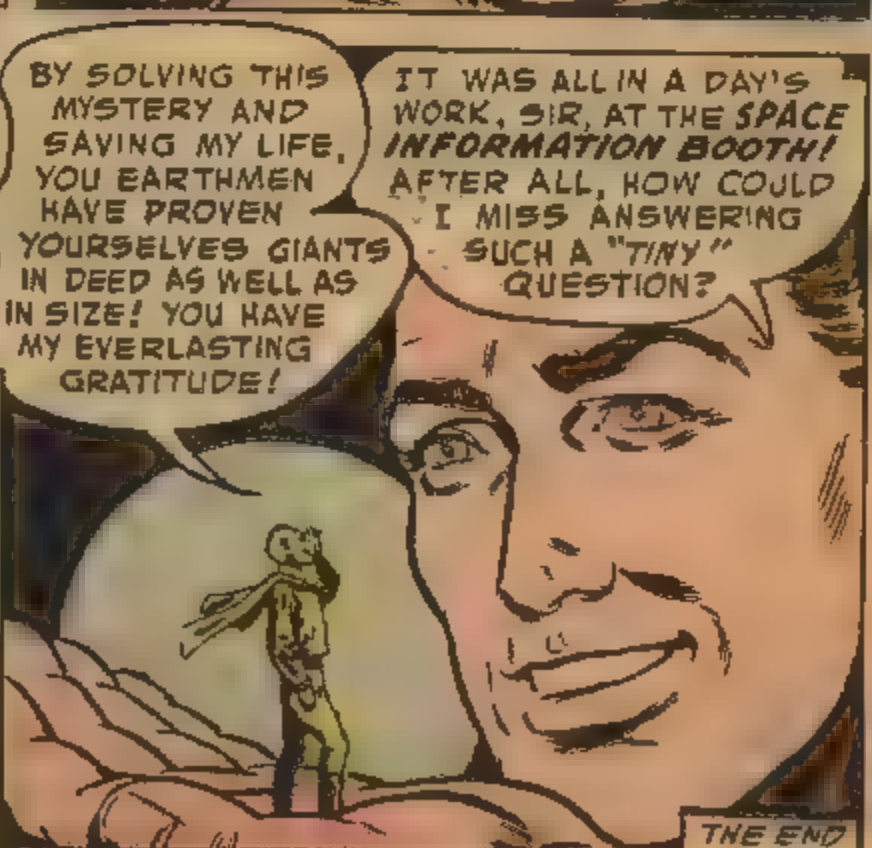
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THIS EXACT SPOT, TOMMY?

THE TRIANGULAR COIN YOU LOST HERE TIPPED ME OFF, BRENT! I REMEMBERED SEEING IT VAGUELY, IN THE TV SCENES! TOO TINY FOR EARTHLY EYES TO DETECT HIS MINIATURE SHIP CRASH-LANDED RIGHT IN OUR BACKYARD!



BY SOLVING THIS MYSTERY AND SAVING MY LIFE, YOU EARTHMEN HAVE PROVEN YOURSELVES GIANTS IN DEED AS WELL AS IN SIZE! YOU HAVE MY EVERLASTING GRATITUDE!

IT WAS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK, SIR, AT THE **SPACE INFORMATION BOOTH!** AFTER ALL, HOW COULD I MISS ANSWERING SUCH A "TINY" QUESTION?



THE END

GET PRIZES... MAKE MONEY

Look at the wonderful prizes shown below. They are just a few of the more than 70 I offer you **WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST**. You take your choice for selling just one order of 40 packs of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 15c a pack.

BONY AND SILVER CLARINET
with Music Book and Carrying Case



"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn PRIZES and extra CASH for 37 years.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds — they are fresh and ready to grow. You will sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once. Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes this easy way for 37 years. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep \$2.00 in cash for each 40-pack order you sell.

SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU.
AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
DEPT. 517, LANCASTER, PA.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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DEPT. 517 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 40 packs of AMERICAN SEEDS. I will reward them at 15c a pack, send you the money and choose any prize

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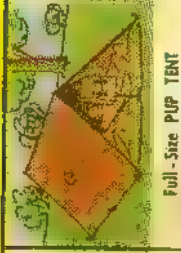


Big 4-set TABLE TENNIS SET
Official 2-in set with 4 Balls, 2 Balls, set paddles and rules of play. All you need for the game of Doubles or Singles.



Available in Red, Green Navy Blue or Brown

GIRLS' OR LADIES' SHOULDER STRAP BAG



Full-Size PUP TENT
Includes Poles, Pegs and strong center rope. Sleeps two boys comfortably.



AIR CHAMP RADIO KIT
A genuine crystal, radio. Build it. Use it. Listen to your favorite radio program.

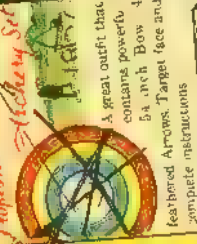


Complete MICROSCOPE OUTFIT
A precision multi Microscope Outfit. Has 60 power optical lens, wide glass and specimens. Don't miss this great outfit.

I'll Give You a Wrist Watch, Archery Set, Flash Camera or any of 70 BIG PRIZES

without a cent of cost... MAIL Coupon for FREE Prize Book

Professional Archery Set



ACRO FLASH CAMERA
with Film
This small camera takes outdoor flash camera film and has a lens. Takes pictures in black and white or color. Makes beautiful enlargements.



COWBOY JR. GUITAR

Ideal instrument for beginners. Complete instructions with song book. Has nylon strings.



PRETTY TRAVEL CASE

Overnight Case with removable tray. Has mirror, lock and key.



GRALETT WRIST WATCH
for Boys and Girls
A Guaranteed watch. Hand-some Chromium case, unbreakable crystal, genuine leather strap. Theatrical, watch wrist, watch without cost.



GOLD-PLATED LOCKET SET

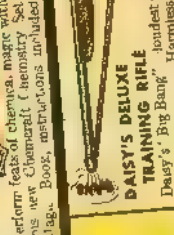
With necklace, matching expansion bracelet. Each locket opens, holds two photographs.



OFFICIAL SIZE BASKETBALL
Sturdy, valve-type Ball. Official size. Official weight. Made with natural rubber. For indoor or outdoor use.



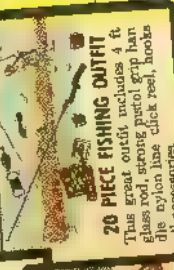
CHEM-CRAFT CHEMISTRY SET
Perform tests of chemistry, magic with this new Chemcraft Chemistry Set. Book, instructions included.



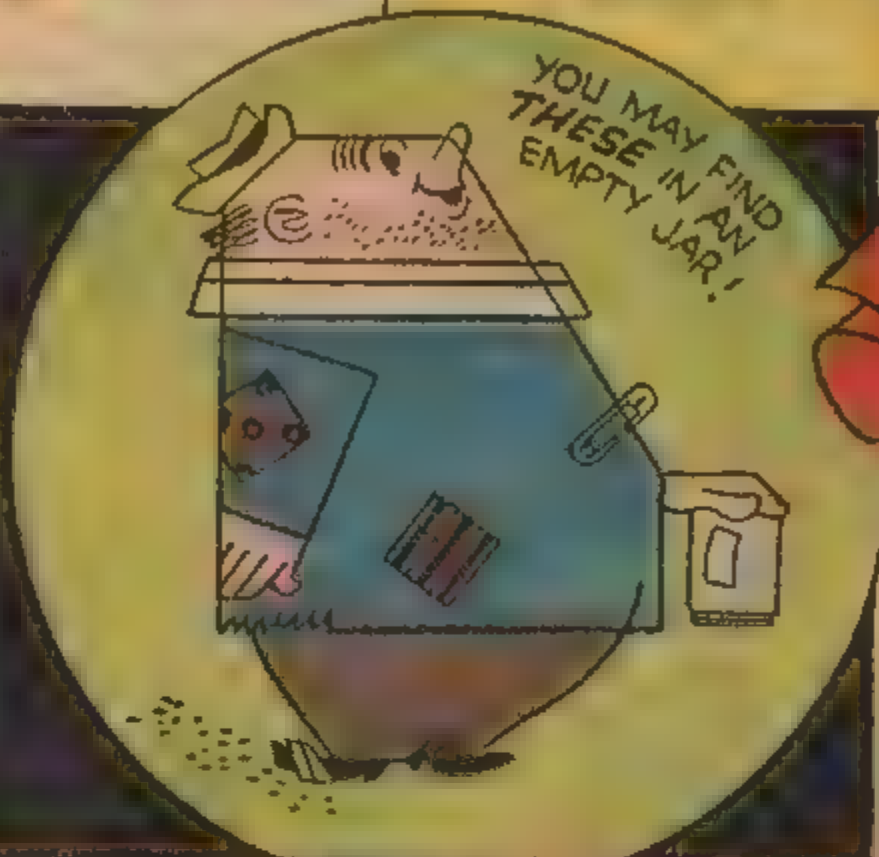
DAISY'S DELUXE TRAINING RIFLE
Daisy's "Big Bang" loudstir play gun. Shoots smoke and noise only. Harmless. Styled like Daisy's famous Air Rifle.



KNIFE-TOOL OUTFIT
Deluxe knife-tool combination in pocket size carrying case. Tools lock into knife for instant use.



20 PIECE FISHING OUTFIT
This great outfit includes 4 ft. glass rod, strong pistol grip handle, nylon line, click reel, hooks and all accessories.

**SUPERGRAM***the* **SUPERMAN
PUZZLE GAME***Comic
Clue*

1	A KITCHEN UTENSIL	G				
2	ESKIMO ABODES		G			
3	FRENCH BRANDY			G		
4	A CHESS PIECE				G	
5	ALTER					G
6	A CROWD					G

DIRECTIONS

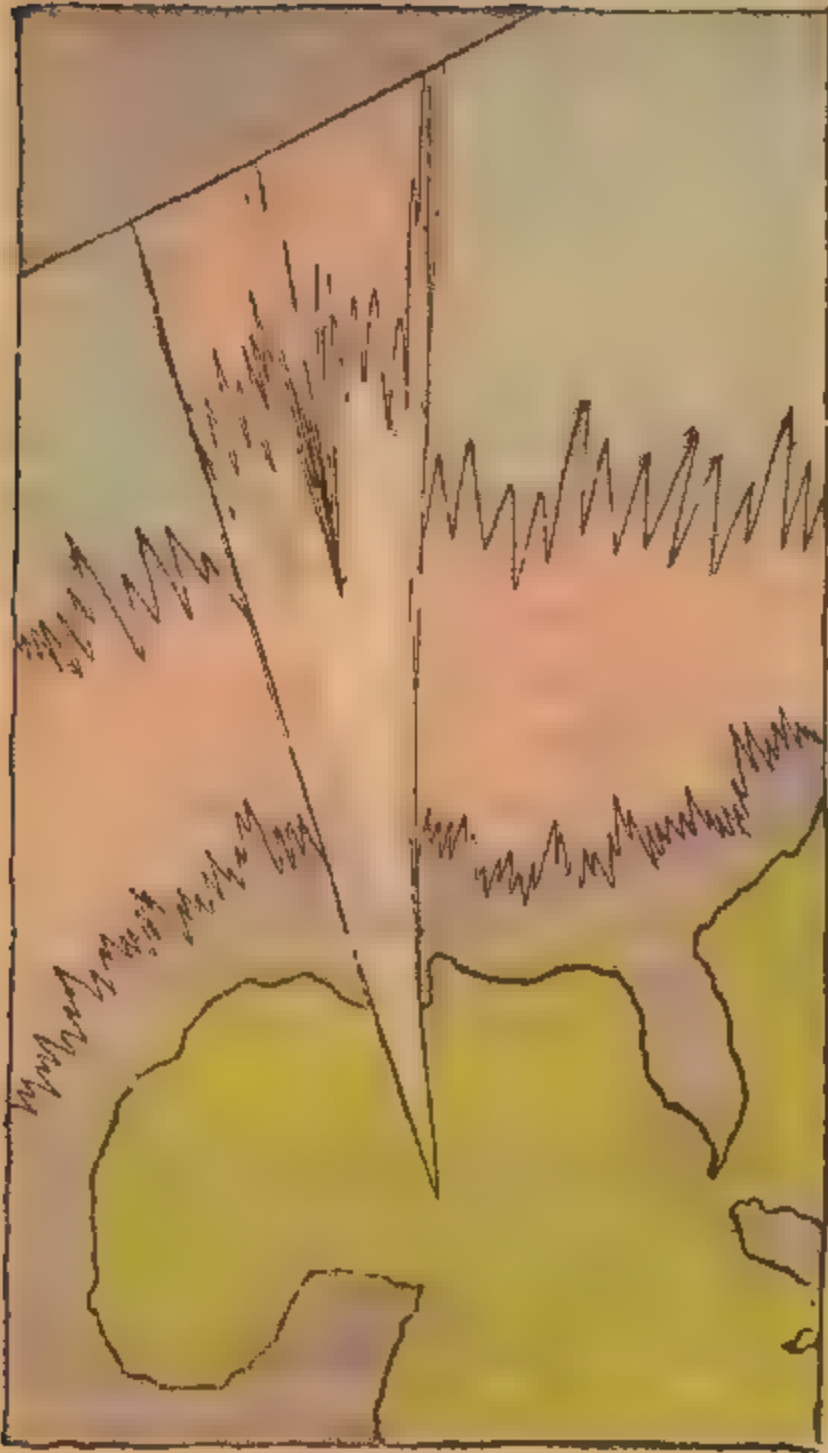
THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD. HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT-- SIX MISSING WORDS ARE DEFINED ABOVE. ONE LETTER IN EACH MISSING WORD HAS ALREADY BEEN INSERTED. PRINT THE 6 WORDS, A LETTER TO A SQUARE. THIS DONE CORRECTLY, YOU MAY NOW ARRANGE THE ENCIRCLED LETTERS TO SPELL THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE. THINKING CAP ON-- PENCIL READY? HAVE FUN!

Answer

1. GRATER 2. ICLOOS 3. COGNAC 4. KNIGHT
5. CHANGE 6. THONG (Comic Clue Answer-CRACKS)

BAIL-OUT AT 525 MPH

He Risked Life and Limb to Test
a New Ejection Seat



AT eight miles up, the B-47 Stratojet bomber was a tiny blip on a radar screen.

But to 1st. Lt. Sam Burns, tightly packed in a large L-shaped aluminum seat inside the jet, the bomber was as big as the earth. It was more—it was his whole world. And he'd soon have to leave it.

It was *how* he'd leave it that worried

Sam. The aluminum chair he was sitting in was a new downward ejection seat, developed to permit the observer-bombardier to abandon the jet if it became necessary.

Sam was suitably and uncomfortably dressed for the job. He wore, first a heavy exposure suit to protect him against the high-altitude cold, a rubber immersion suit for falling in the water, a dazzling pink flying suit to make him visible at long distance, and a leather helmet.

The Stratojet, zooming through the air at 525 miles an hour, came closer to the crash boat bobbing in the choppy waters of the Gulf of Mexico. It wouldn't be long now. The furrows on Sam's brow deepened.

He knew exactly what he had let himself in for by volunteering for this test. Nobody in the world had ever been ejected from a jet plane racing along at 525 miles an hour and from a height of eight miles. Nobody knew what the impact of the wind would do to a human body under those circumstances. That's what Sam had to find out.

Not that Sam was a newcomer to the new downward ejection seat. He had tested it several times before, but at half the altitude, and at a leisurely 400 mph. That had been tough enough.

And before Sam had been allowed to climb into the aluminum seat, dummies had been shot out at eight miles up. These dummies had been carefully examined after they'd been fished out of the Gulf. Everything about them tended to show that a human could do it. But, after all, they were only dummies.

And Sam could recall, now that the jet was only minutes away from the drop point,

what had happened to previous jumps. A French test pilot had had his leg wrenched out of its socket when he was smacked by the wind. A British pilot had suffered a broken back by the relentless plastering of the merciless wind blasts.

Untold lives would be saved if this test was successful. The knowledge made Sam feel better. The jet was almost over the drop point. Sam's lips were compressed in a thin, grim line.

He was intimately familiar with the mechanics of what would take place in just a few moments. The first thing that would happen would be that the aluminum seat would be shot down a track by a charge identical to that of a 37-mm. cannon shell.

At the same time a cartridge in the seat would explode, activating a gas-operated mechanism on Sam's lap belt. Seconds later, this mechanism would go off, freeing the belt and shoulder harness holding him in the seat.

Simultaneously, the seat would be released and a lanyard controlling the automatic parachute opener in his pack would be pulled.

Exactly three seconds later, the opener would tug at the ripcord to open Sam's parachute.

Simple. If it worked. But Sam wasn't worried about that part. The mechanism was fairly foolproof. The bugs had been taken out a long time ago. What everyone wanted to know now was, would Sam's body withstand the punishment it would soon have to take? Sam wanted to know, too.

For before the automatic ticker in the parachute pack would release the chute, Sam would fall about six and a half miles. It would take about two and a quarter minutes. A lot could happen in that short time.

Then the big moment arrived. To himself, he counted:

"... five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . ONE!"

For a time, everything became a mere blur before Sam's eyes. Nothing made sense. Everything he had ever been taught seemed to vanish in the sensation that he was being whipped through space.

Next thing he knew, he was blinking his eyes. The sun was striking his visor and reflecting. "That'll have to be changed," he mused.

Sam didn't know it then but he had passed out cold. When he came to, he was falling at the rate of 300 miles an hour. Three more miles down and his automatic chute would open.

But then Sam began spinning. He was wearier than he had ever been in his life. The skin on his face was drawing up as tight as a drum. He glanced at his stopwatch. It read a little over 13,000 feet. He decided not to wait for the automatic timer and opened the chute.

The spinning—later estimated to exceed 100 revolutions per minute—stopped.

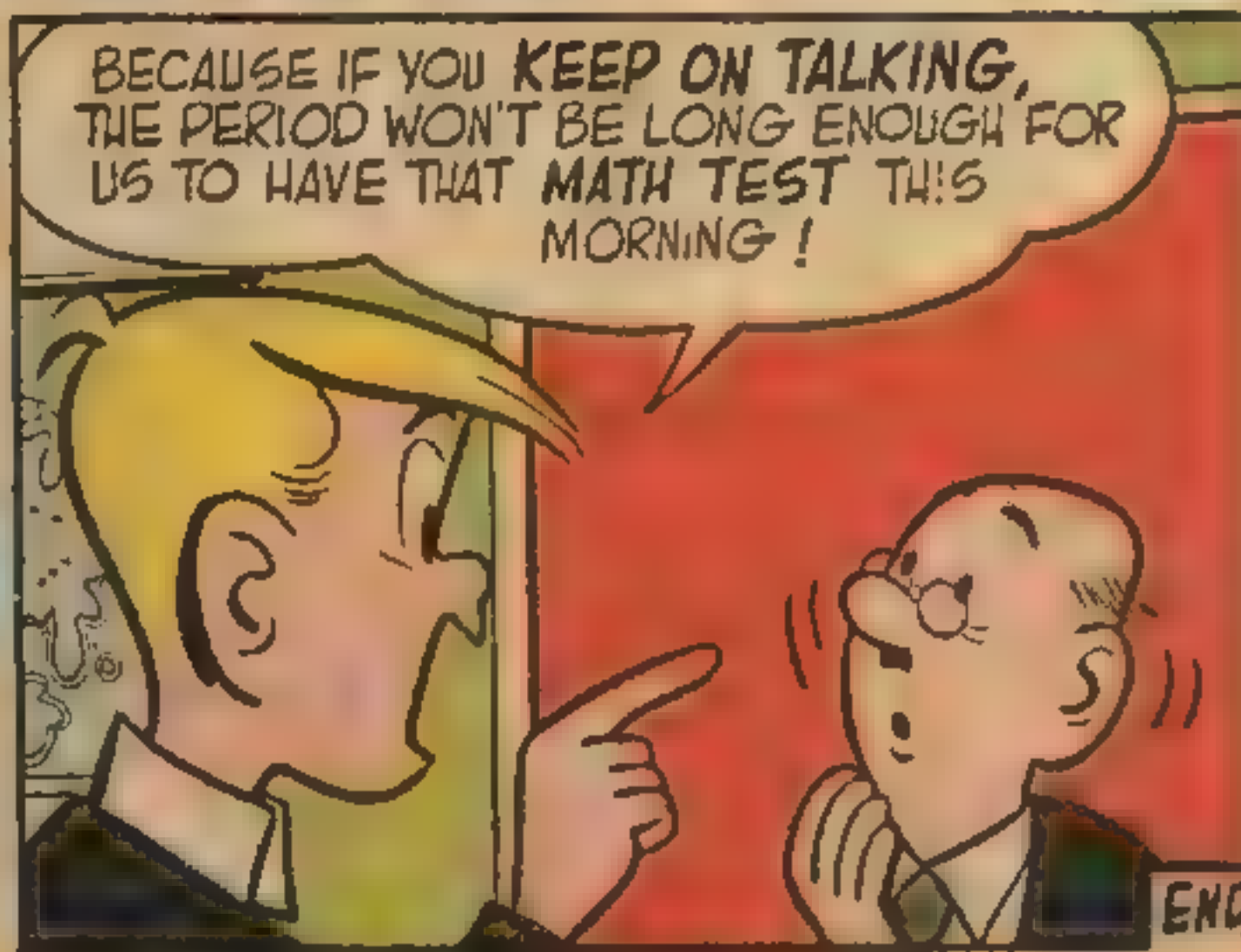
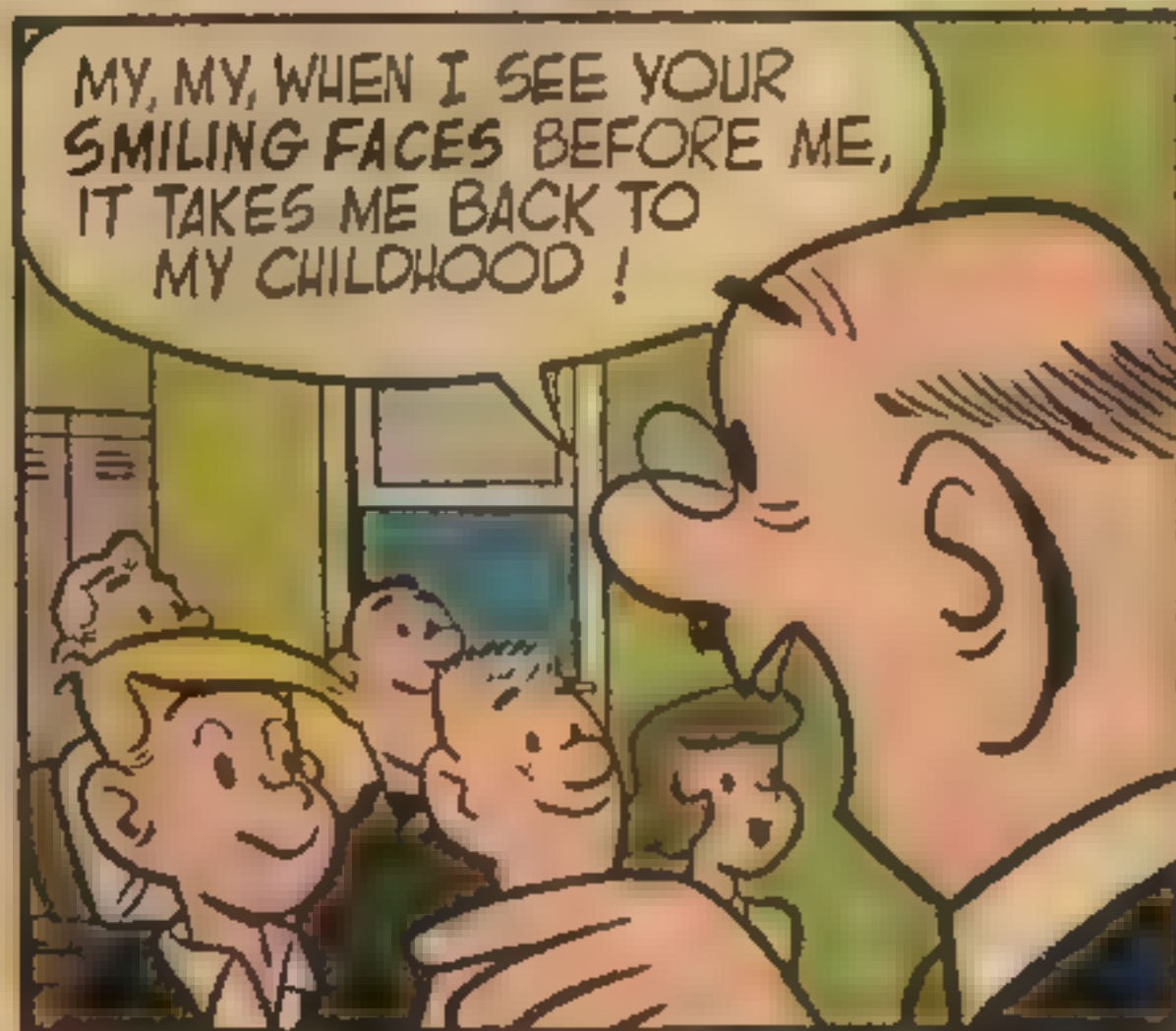
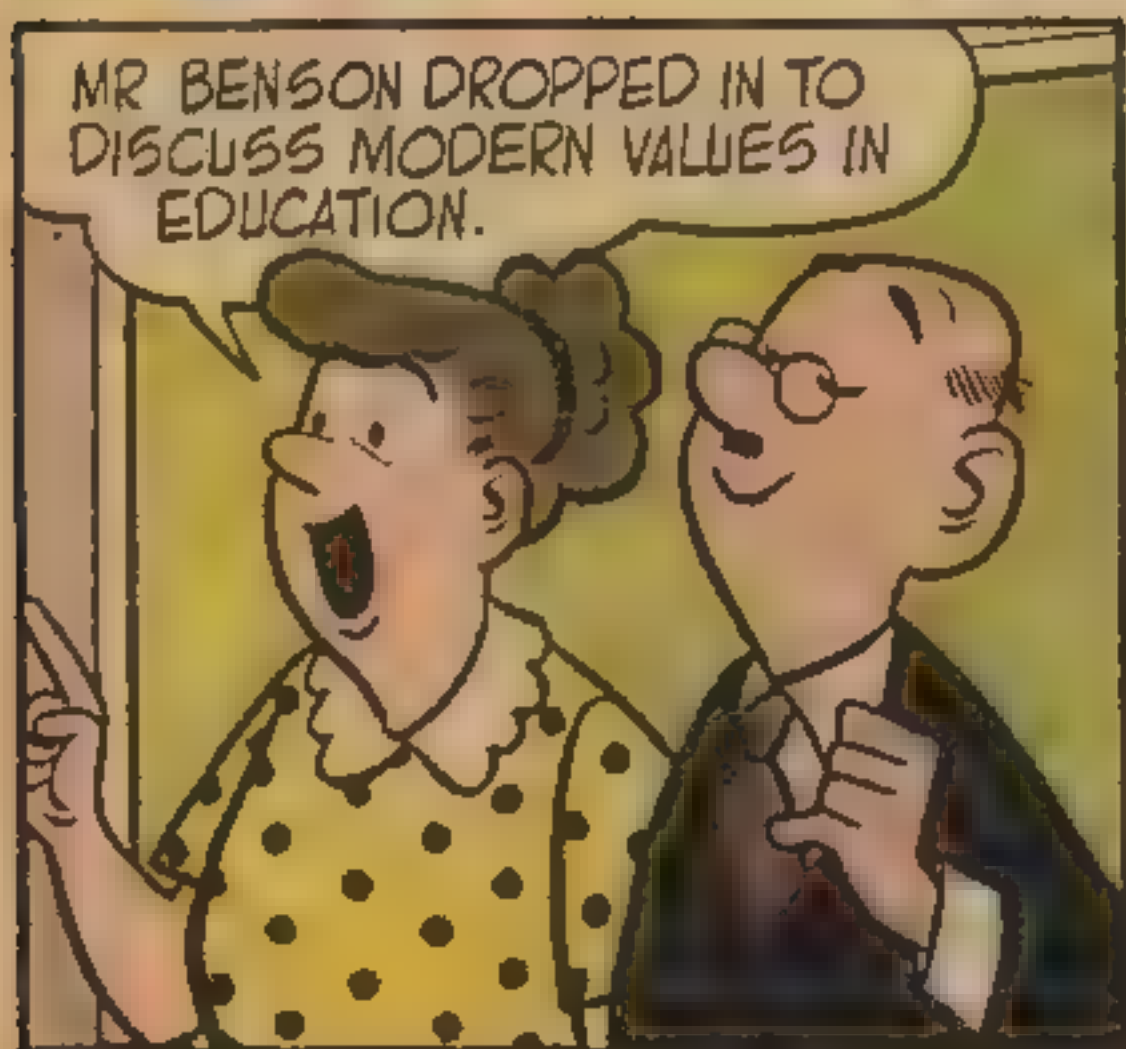
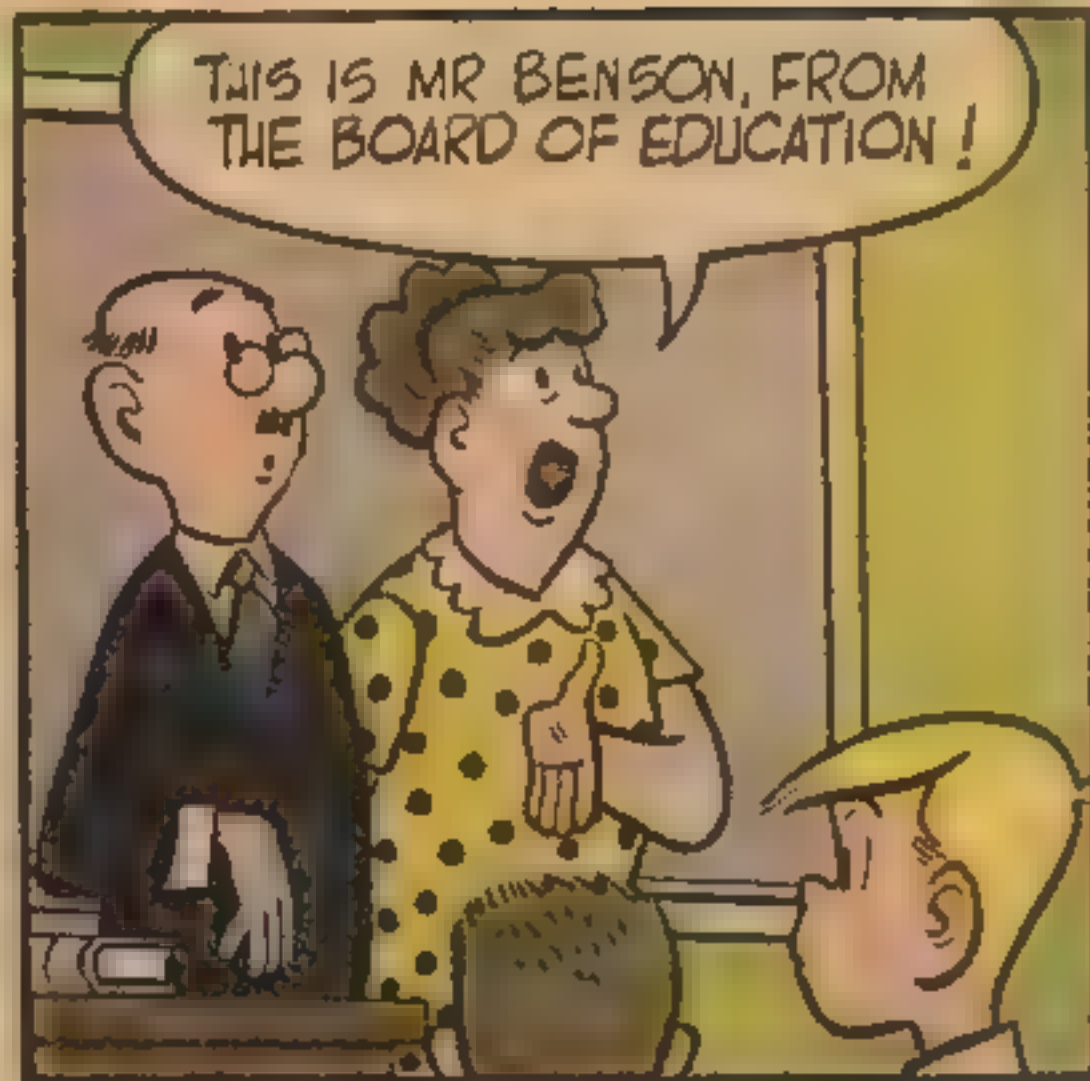
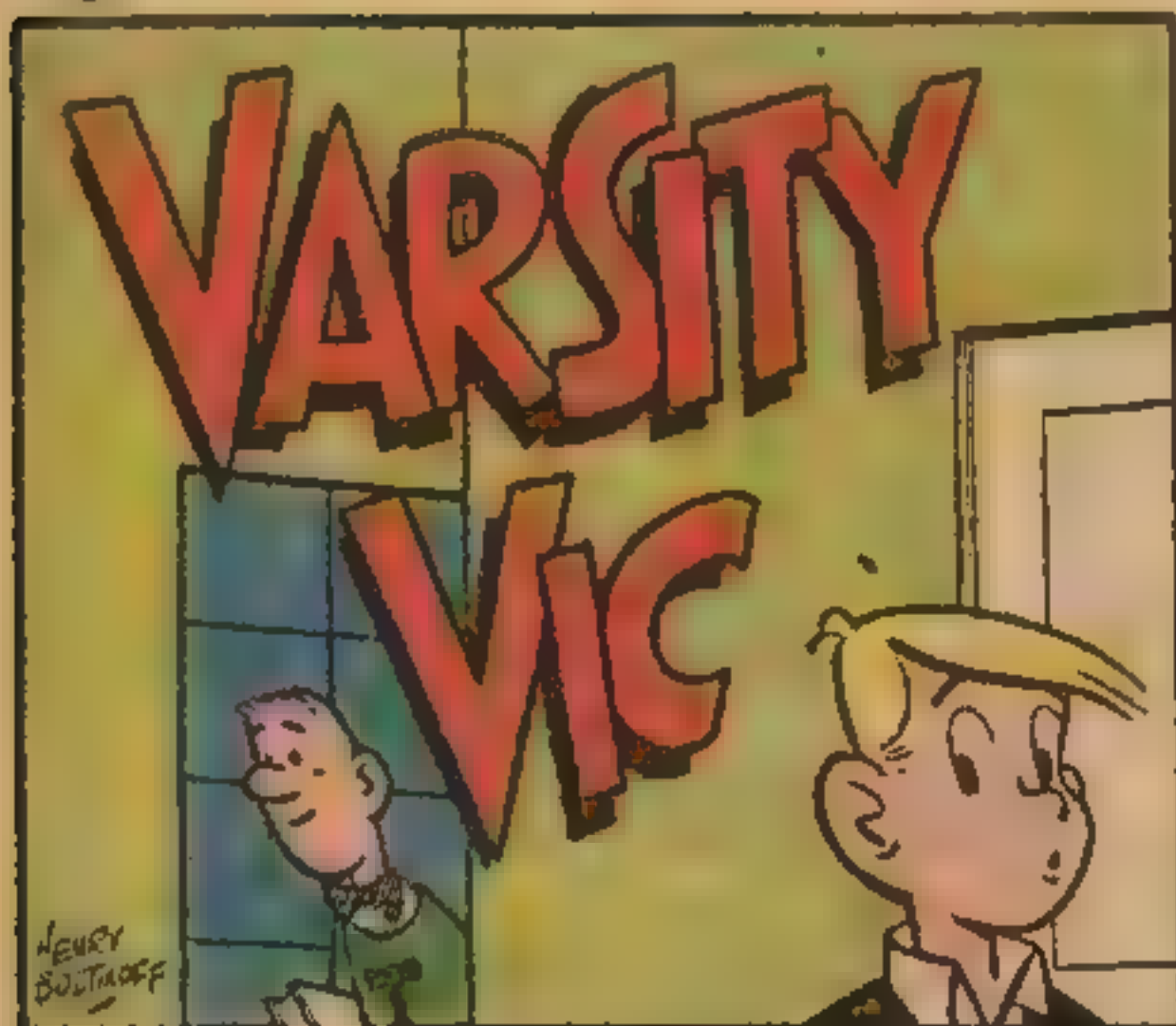
Sam breathed a sigh of relief. He tore off his helmet, inflated his underarm life preservers. Against his flushed face, the waters of the Gulf felt good.

He released the dye marker and the shark repellent, and comfortably waited for the crash boat to find him.

Later, as happy buddies helped him out of his gear, Sam hardly heard the enthusiastic shouts of his superior who kept babbling about a new record. Sam was lost in his own thoughts.

Sam was thinking that he'd like to try the jump at 60,000 feet, maybe higher.

—Jack E. Miller



CONGO BILL

with
JANU
The
Jungle Boy

IN ANCIENT TIMES, BARE-HANDED WARRIORS FOUGHT DANGEROUS BEASTS IN ELABORATE AMPHITHEATRES FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE ROMAN POPULACE! BUT NOW WOULD A MODERN JUNGLE FIGHTER, LIKE CONGO BILL, FARE IN A SIMILAR SITUATION, WITHOUT THE AID OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE? YOU'LL LEARN THE THRILLING ANSWER WHEN STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES FORCE THE FAR-FAMED ADVENTURER TO BECOME...

CONGO BILL, GLADIATOR!



IN AN AFRICAN PROVINCE, ONE DAY, WHERE CONGO BILL GUIDES AN ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION...

PROFESSOR HERRICK, DO YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOU'LL UNCOVER THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN CITY HERE IN AFRICA?

BILL, MY RESEARCHES PROVE THAT THE ROMANS ONCE OCCUPIED THIS PROVINCE-- AND WE KNOW THEY BUILT CITIES WHEREVER THEY WENT!

AND SURE ENOUGH, SOME DAYS LATER...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? LOOK -- WE'VE UNCOVERED THE TOP OF A ROMAN COLUMN!

AMAZING! I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO MEET JANU-- BUT I THINK I'LL SEND A MESSAGE FOR HIM TO COME HERE! I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE REST OF THIS!



AT LENGTH, FOLLOWING LONG WEEKS OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY... LET'S GO INSIDE AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND!
IT'S A ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE--AND IN AN ALMOST PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION!



SOON... SO THIS IS WHERE THE ANCIENT GLADIATORS FOUGHT!



YES, THIS IS WHERE THEY CONDUCTED THEIR BEAST-FIGHTS! LOOK--HERE ARE THE VERY WEAPONS THEY USED-- AND A RED LOIN CLOTH!

"THE GLADIATORS WERE PROFESSIONALS WHO USUALLY WON THEIR CONTESTS AGAINST THE ANIMALS..."



THEY MUST HAVE BEEN REMARKABLE FIGHTERS! NOT EVEN I WOULD LIKE TO RUN INTO A BIG-GAME ANIMAL WITHOUT A GOOD RIFLE!

BUT IN THE NEXT TERRIFYING MOMENT...

GRACIOUS, WHAT'S THAT?

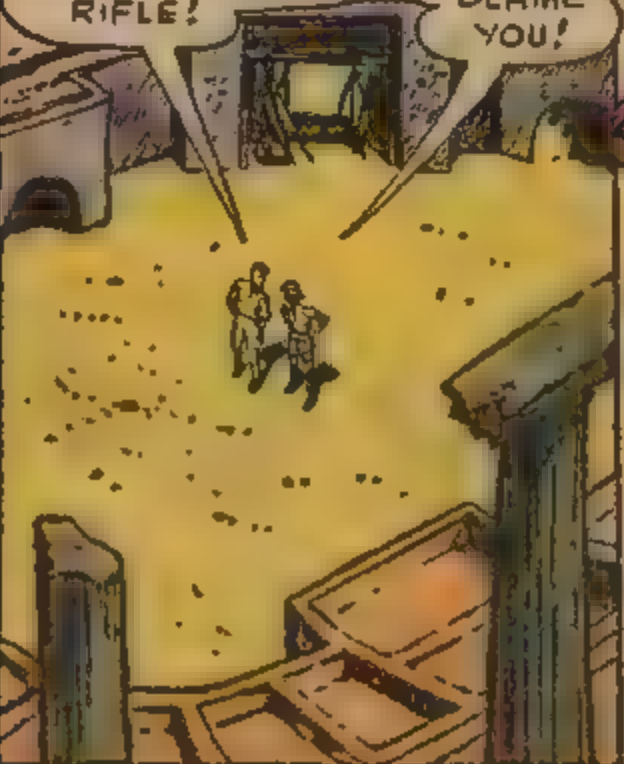
I DON'T BLAME YOU!

ERRRRRRRR

IT--IT SOUNDS LIKE A LION!

IT IS A LION-- BUT WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

FROM THE JUNGLE, PROBABLY-- AND RIGHT THROUGH ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES YOUR MEN UNCOVERED! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



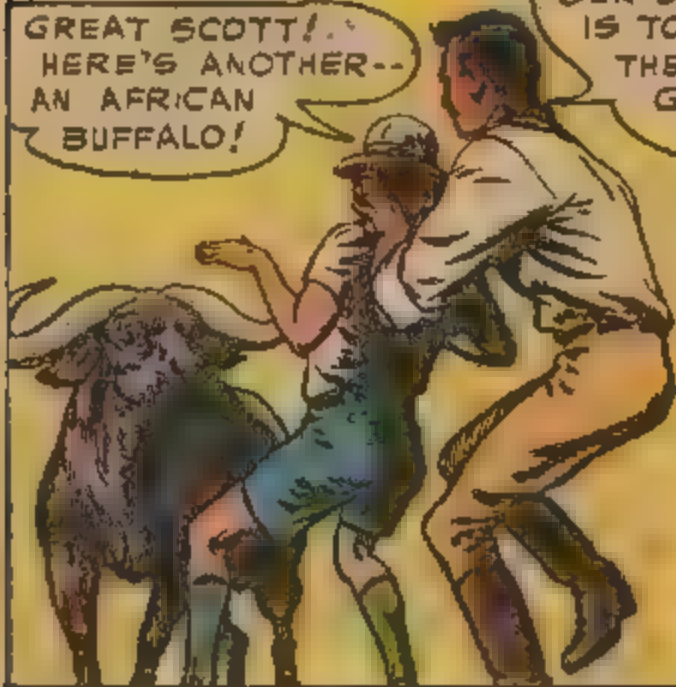
BUT BEFORE THE ADVENTURERS CAN MOVE TO ESCAPE...

GREAT SCOTT!... HERE'S ANOTHER-- AN AFRICAN BUFFALO!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET OUT THE MAIN GATE! LET'S GO!

WHAT A SPOT TO BE IN WITHOUT A RIFLE! HURRY, HERRICK, HURRY!

I'M GOING PUFF! AS FAST AS I CAN!



BUT THEN COMES THE FINAL BLOW...

GET BACK! A RHINO IS CHARGING THROUGH THE MAIN GATE!

KNOCKED OVER THOSE SHORING TIMBERS, BLOCKING THE PASSAGE! WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THERE NOW!

WE'RE TRAPPED! WHAT'LL WE DO?



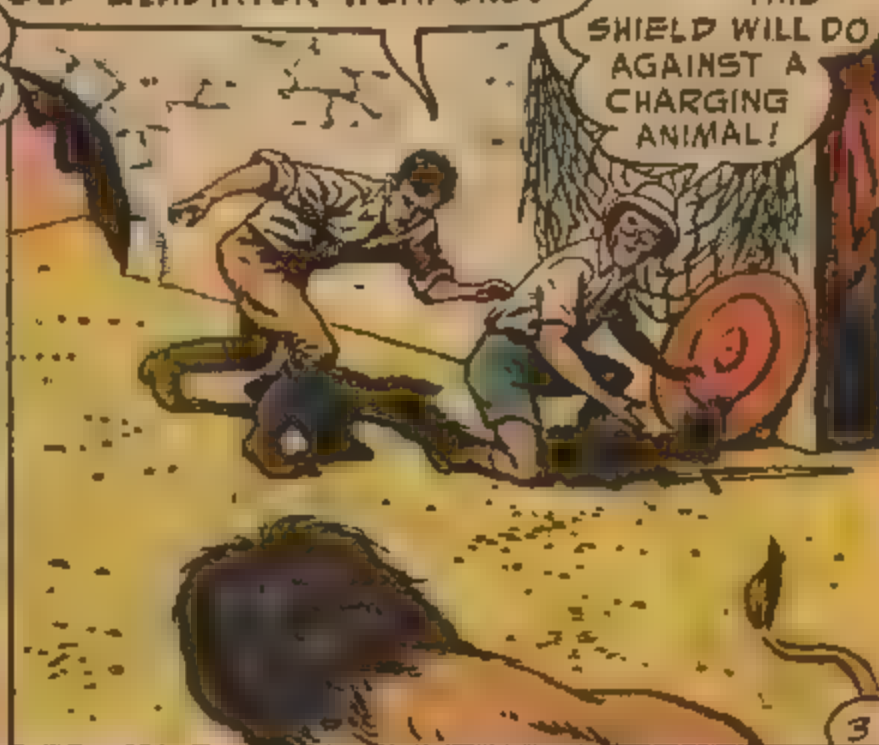
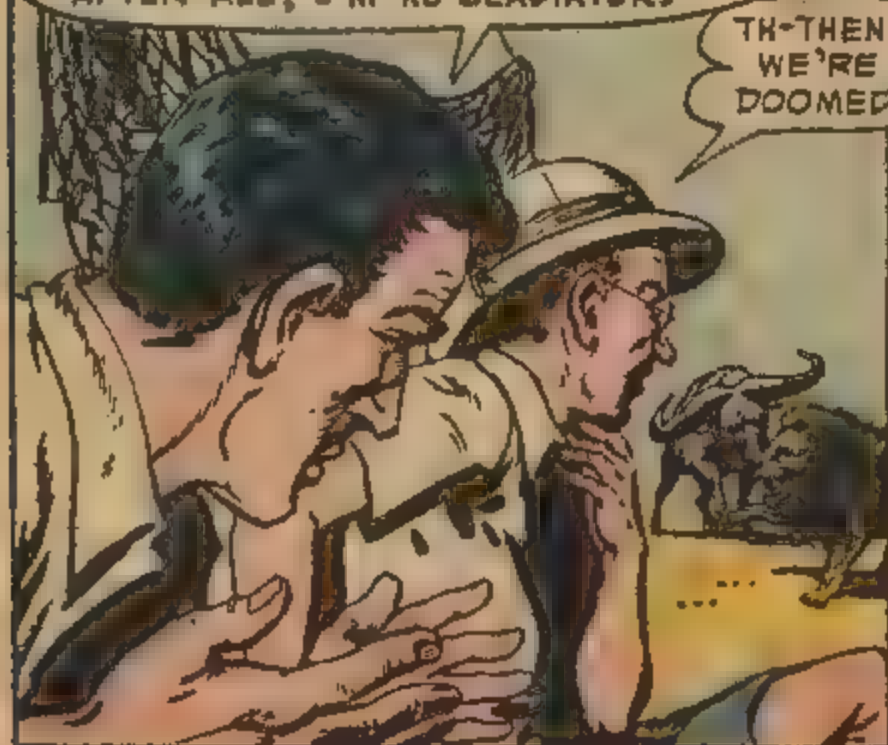
YOU'VE GOT ME, HERRICK! I CAN'T FIGHT THOSE BEASTS WITH MY BARE HANDS! AFTER ALL, I'M NO GLADIATOR!

MAYBE-- BUT I'M NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT! LET ME AT THOSE OLD GLADIATOR WEAPONS!

A LOT OF GOOD THIS

TH-THEN WE'RE DOOMED!

SHIELD WILL DO AGAINST A CHARGING ANIMAL!





ACTION COMICS



THUS BEGINS THE STARTLING RE-ENACTMENT OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN SPORT...

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, CONGO BILL!

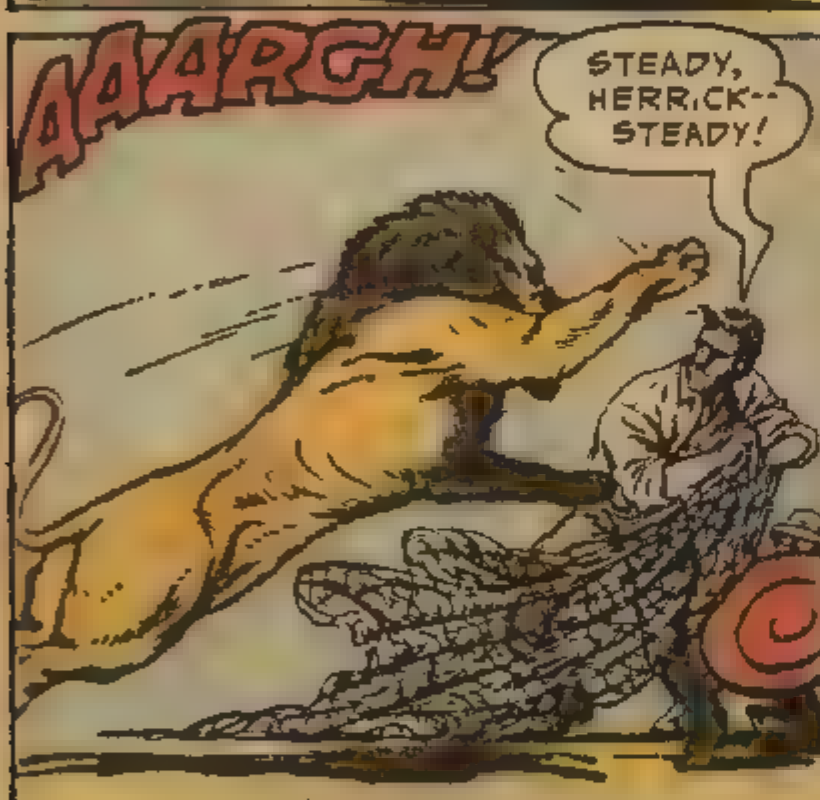
IF--IF THE GLADIATORS DID IT, MAYBE I CAN, TOO!



SUDDENLY...

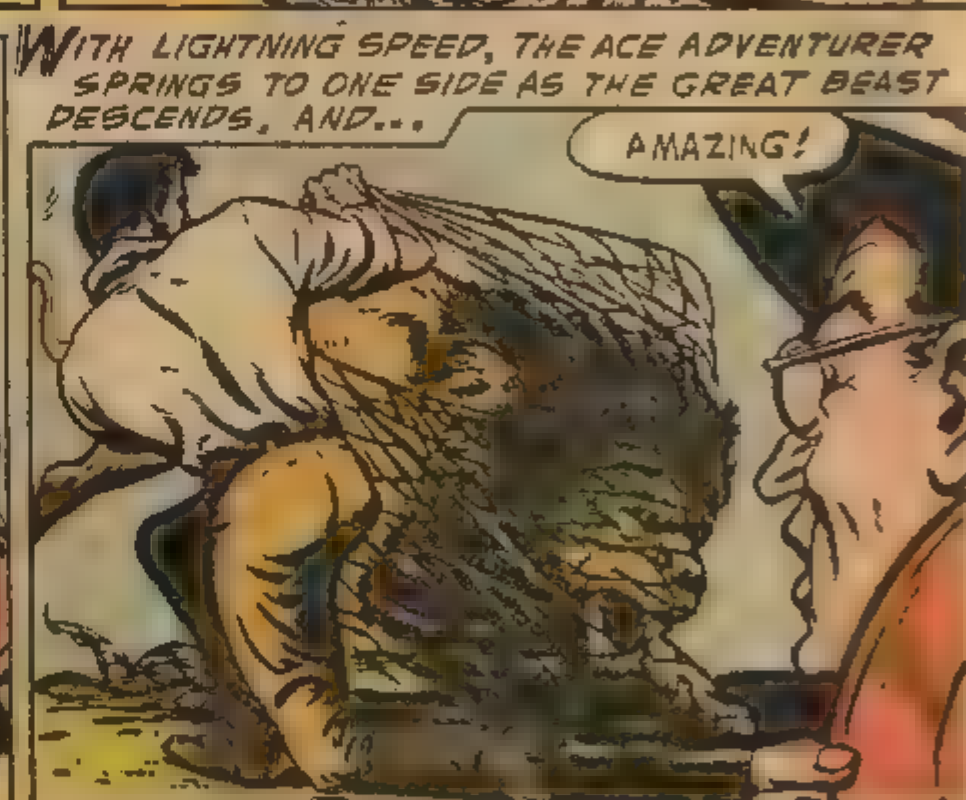
YOU'RE TELLING ME!

THE LION, CONGO BILL-- IT'S GETTING READY TO LEAP!



AAARGH!

STEADY, HERRICK-- STEADY!

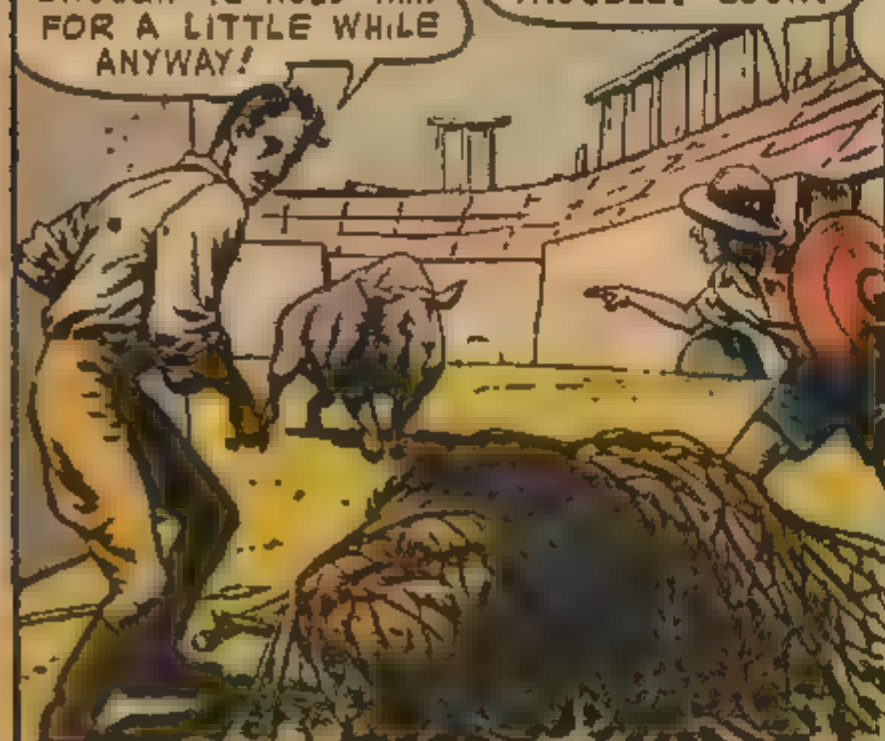


WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE ACE ADVENTURER SPRINGS TO ONE SIDE AS THE GREAT BEAST DESCENDS, AND...

AMAZING!

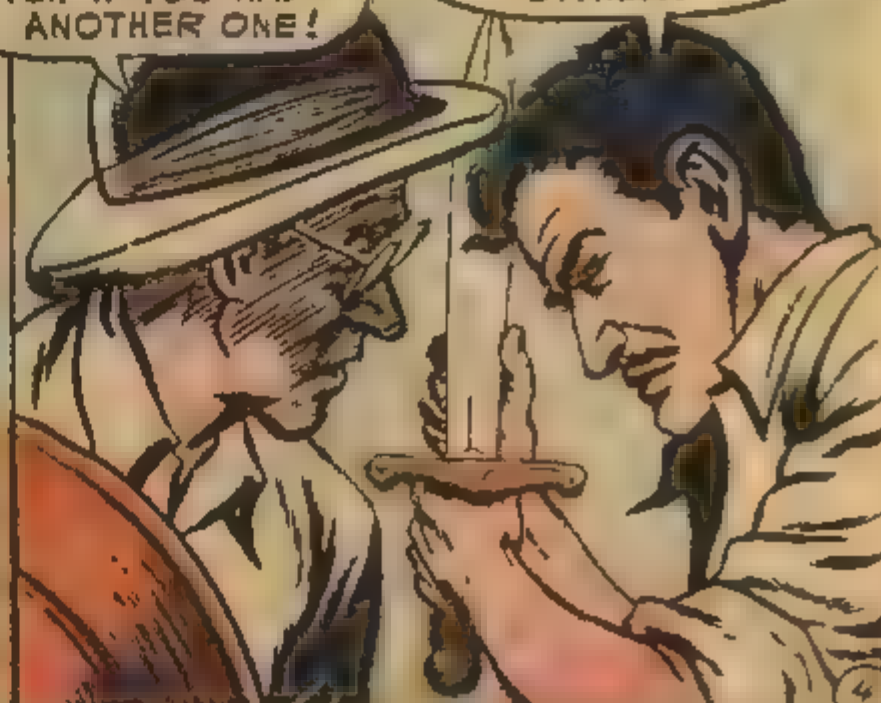
ONE DOWN! THE ROPES OF THAT NET ARE STOUT ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM FOR A LITTLE WHILE ANYWAY!

YES, BUT WE'RE IN FOR WORSE TROUBLE! LOOK!



Y-YOU COULDN'T CATCH THE RHINO IN A NET, CONGO BILL-- EVEN IF YOU HAD ANOTHER ONE!

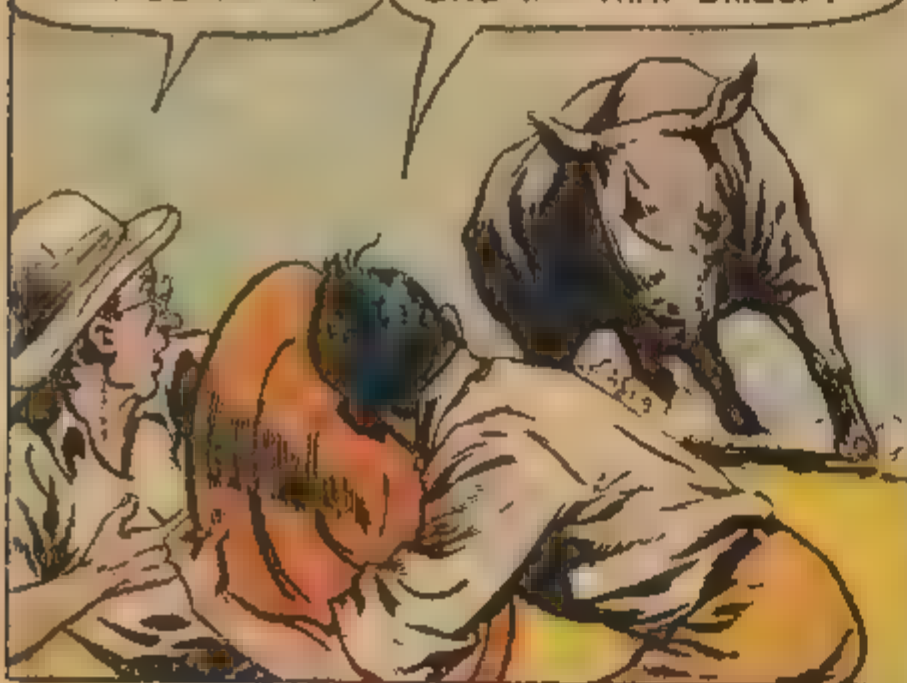
NO--AND THIS SWORD WON'T DO MUCH GOOD AGAINST HIS HIDE, EITHER!



THEN, AS THE ENORMOUS BRUTE CHARGES,

HERE IT COMES!
WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE--
GIVE ME THAT SHIELD!



ARE YOU KIDDING?
HE'LL RIP THROUGH
THAT METAL AS IF
IT WERE TISSUE
PAPER!

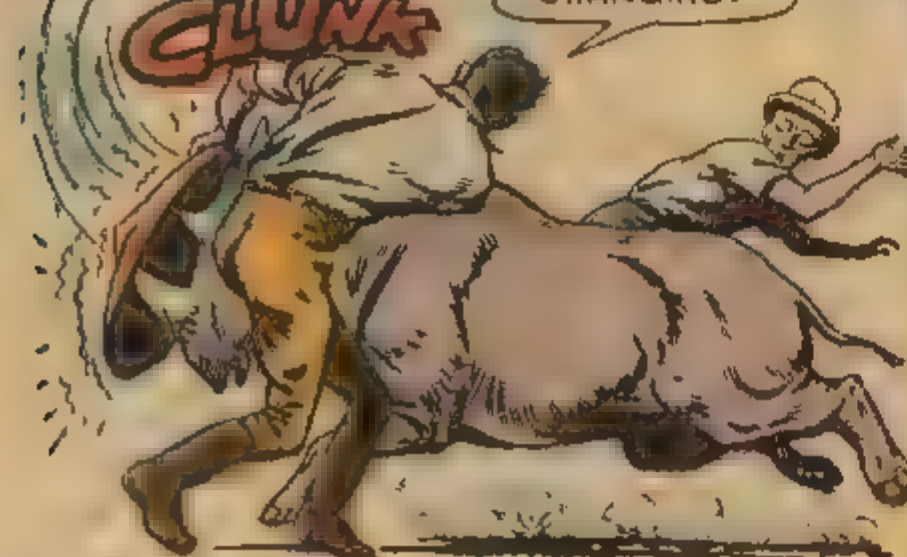
I KNOW! JUST GET
OUT OF THE LINE OF
ITS CHARGE AND SIT
TIGHT!



THE BEAST LOWERS ITS HEAD FOR THE FINAL
CHARGE, AND...

CRUNCH
CLUNK

LUCKY FOR US THAT RHINOS
CAN'T SEE WHAT'S AHEAD
OF THEM WHEN THEY'RE
CHARGING!



TWO
DOWN!

HA, HA-- I'LL BET THE GLADIATORS
OF OLD NEVER DREAMED OF USING
A SHIELD AS A BLINDFOLD! NOW
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



WAIT... WHAT AM I
SAYING? THERE'S
STILL THE AFRICAN
BUFFALO-- ONLY NOW
YOU HAVEN'T ANY
WEAPONS LEFT!

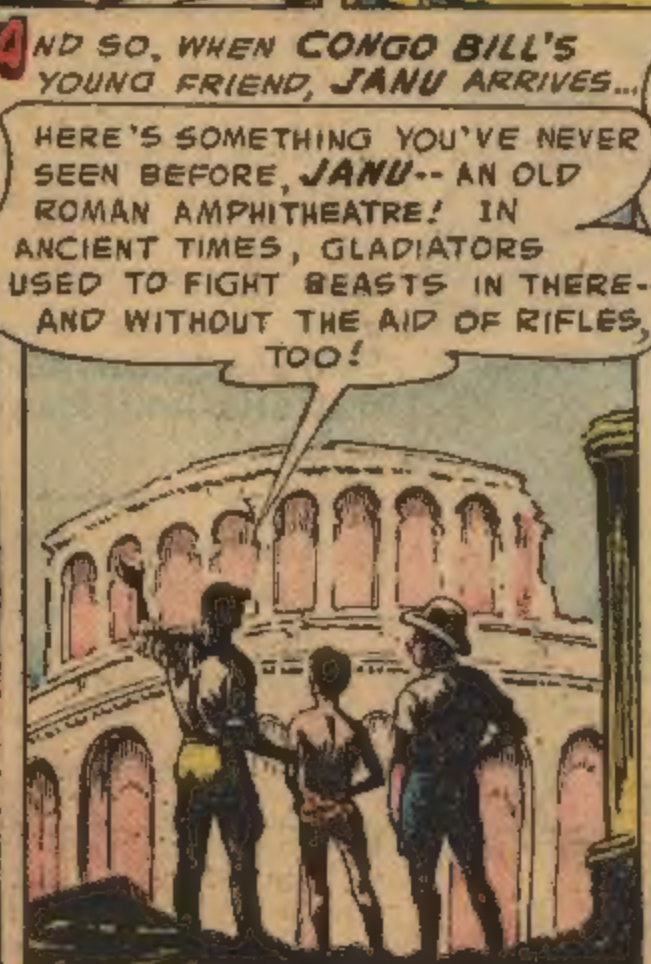
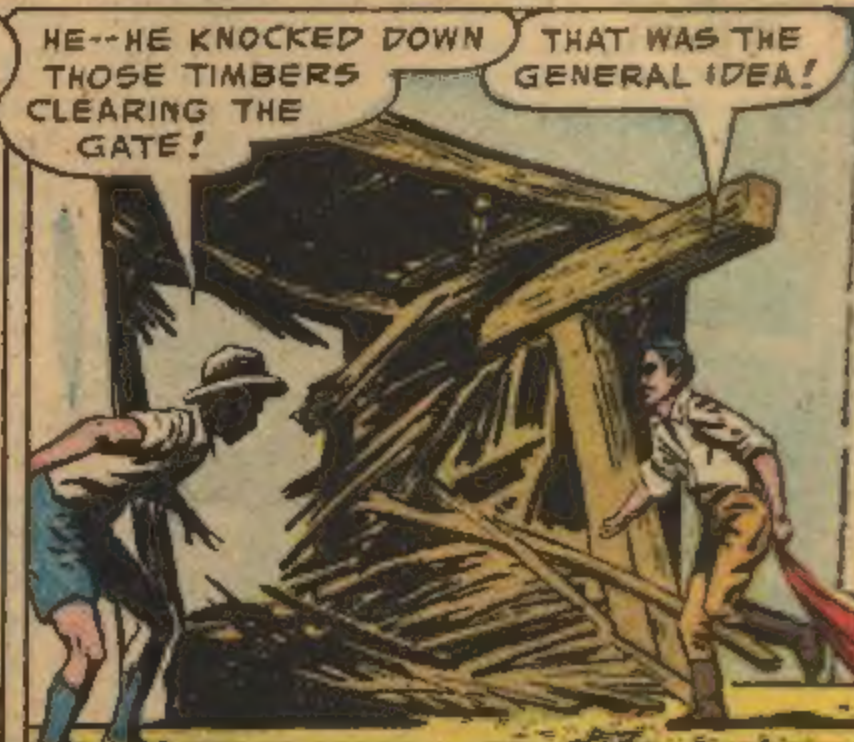
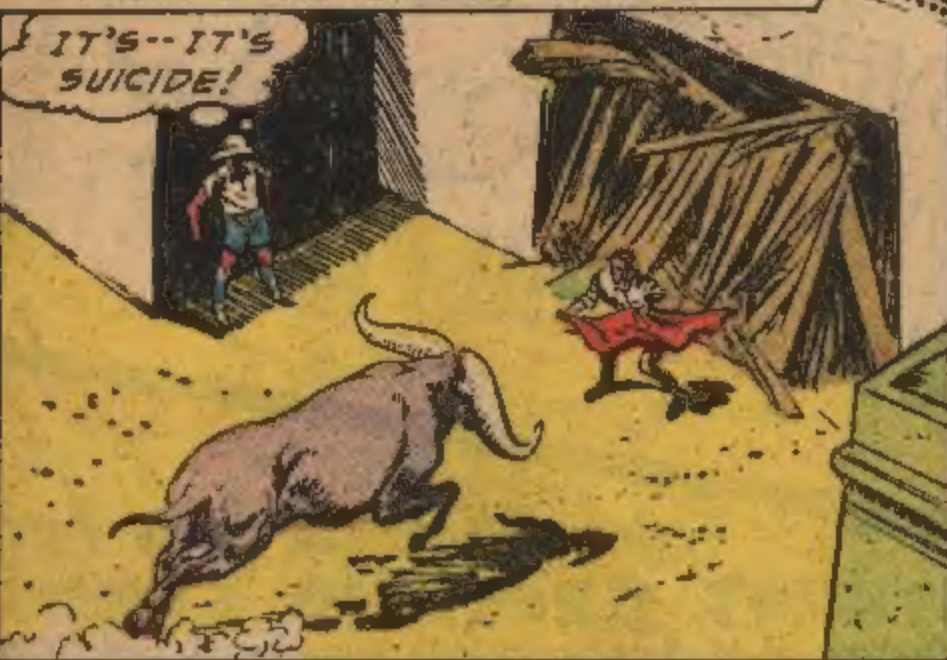
TAKE COVER, HERRICK--
I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW
WE CAN GET OUT
THROUGH THE
MAIN GATE!

IN SOME RESPECTS,
BUFFALOES AND BULLS
HAVE A LOT IN COMMON!
THIS RED LOIN CLOTH
SHOULD DO THE
TRICK!

WHATEVER YOU HAVE
IN MIND, YOU'D
BETTER HURRY!
HERE HE COMES!



NEXT MOMENT, AS CONGO BILL TAKES A POSITION IN FRONT OF THE BLOCKED MAIN GATE...



THE END

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—F. S., New York

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